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MAYFAIR

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Vol. 20 No. 9

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Flying the Schneider, page 62.

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Cover:

Cover model: Lynette Gordon | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Annabel Fairchild, GotM
    1. post [partial]
- Jane Burroughs
    1. post [partial]
- Lynette Gordon | thread
    1. post [partial]
    2. post
- Marziette as Mariella Juan Carlos | thread
- Michelle Roden
    1. post
    2. post [partial]
    3. post
- Rosemary Evans
- Traci Lords as Patricia Mason

Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

'Please wait for the stylist you prefer.' So reads a sign in the hairdressing salon where 22-year-old Jane Burroughs works. Is it any wonder then that she is the busiest member of staff, trimming, styling and shampooing up to 15 people a day? 'I'd like to think it's because I'm a great hairdresser,' Jane said, but she admits that her pert-breasted 34-23-34 figure may have something to do with it as well. Not only that but she enjoys conversation. 'Most girls never get much beyond "Where are you going on holiday?" or "Do you use conditioner?". I've had customers describing everything from the art of windsurfing to the day they lost their virginity,' she claimed. So if you are in Reading and in need of a trim, you had better go armed with a supply of anecdotes. 'And no dirty jokes, if you don't mind,' added Jane.

Jane's favourite job is shaving stubbly men. 'It's great when a guy comes in looking like Clint Eastwood, you smother him in foam, and he leaves as smooth as a baby's bottom,' she smiled. 'It can be quite intimate too, being that close to a man's face.' Not as intimate as the request from one of Jane's customers. 'He saw the sign which said "Cut and Blow Dry – £5" ' she recalled, 'and sat down and asked for, "A cut and blow job, please!" ' Then realising what he'd said he added embarassedly, "I mean a blow-dry." ' Jane remained unflustered and came up with the perfect reply. 'I just said, "Make up your mind, sir, I have to ajust the chair." ' A cutting remark, eh?

Mariella

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OTTO WEISER

Brazil is celebrated the world over as the land of carnival and coffee. It is also the home of some of the sultriest, most beautiful girls in the world. Amongst them is 19-year-old Mariella Juan Carlos. Mariella's golden brown 37–24–36 body is one of South America's finest exports, and though it may never show up on Brazil's trade balance, it will open a man's eyes far quicker than even the best Brazilian coffee.

Mariella comes from Bahia, Sao Salvadore, in the very heart of the Rio Grande where she now works as a full time model. With a Portuguese accent, and in English not so much broken as slightly fractured, she told us, 'I love very much being in front of the camera. I am proud of my body, and I think men like it too. I only wish I was there to see their faces.' Mariella also admits freely to loving the water. She is adept on a surf board, windsurfer and water skis, and simply adores swimming. 'I learned when I was six,' she said. 'Even then you couldn't keep me away from water.'

Back on dry land, Mariella's also fond of fast cars and hard driving. 'The roads are so bad here that you don't get much chance to *really* drive,' she said, a fierce light suddenly appearing in her eyes. 'I like a long flat straight stretch of road where you can let the car go over 100. An open top one, of course, with lots of loud music from the radio. I love your British rock . . .' The reality is sadly less exciting. Mariella's car is a beaten-up Chrysler, covered in yellow dust. 'Cars are not smart for long here,' she sighed. 'Not like they are in your country.' We didn't like to disillusion her . . .

What type of man would she like to take with her on one of her 100 mph rides? 'Somebody tall, blonde and muscular, like Sting,' she replied. 'But I like all sorts of men.' With that she left with a message for all *Mayfair* readers. *'Adoro-vos borrachinhos!'* she cried. 'I love you all, you handsome lot.'

Annabel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Annabel Fairchild can never decide whether she is a town or country girl at heart. When we met her, the 20-year-old was lounging around a flat in Sloane Square in Chelsea, but Annabel is just as at home in her parents' place in the heart of the Warwickshire countryside. 'It's a farm with stables,' she told us, 'and I do like riding the horses.' In fact Annabel is a fully qualified riding instructor, and her 35-23-34 frame, complete with ramrod straight back, can be seen on some of the best hunters in the country, hacking, show jumping and teaching.

In fact, Annabel is so good with horses that she could have taken up riding professionally. But she has turned the chance down. 'I like my town and country life too much,' she said. 'If I lived at Daddy's all year, I'd miss the city terribly.' Despite her Chelsea address, Annabel refuses to accept that she is a Sloane Ranger. 'The "Sloanes" are rather a silly lot,' she insisted, 'but I do like enjoying myself.' By that she means that she can be spotted in top clubs, restaurants, and cocktail bars. But she much prefers a candle-lit meal to large social get-togethers. As she mentioned it her hand strayed onto her breast. She obviously finds romance appealing.

Back in Warwickshire, Annabel's speciality is point-to-point, which for those unacquainted with the equestrian world, is one type of cross country competition. 'You get scratched, wet and muddy,' she said. Hard to imagine as she lounged in a smart evening dress. Annabel also admitted how she came to take an interest in horses. 'At 15, I had a crush on one of the instructors,' she claimed. 'He's still very dishy. I have been known to tumble off so that he can pick me up. There's something about men in riding gear. It must be the boots!'

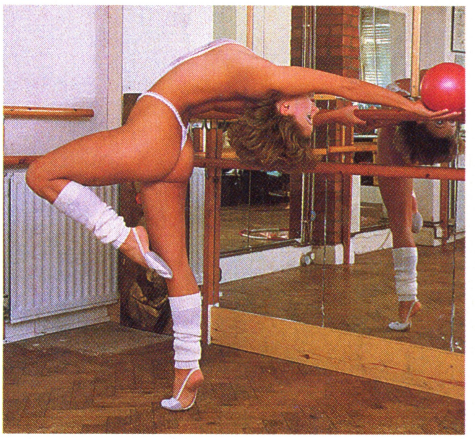
MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
ANNABEL FAIRCHILD

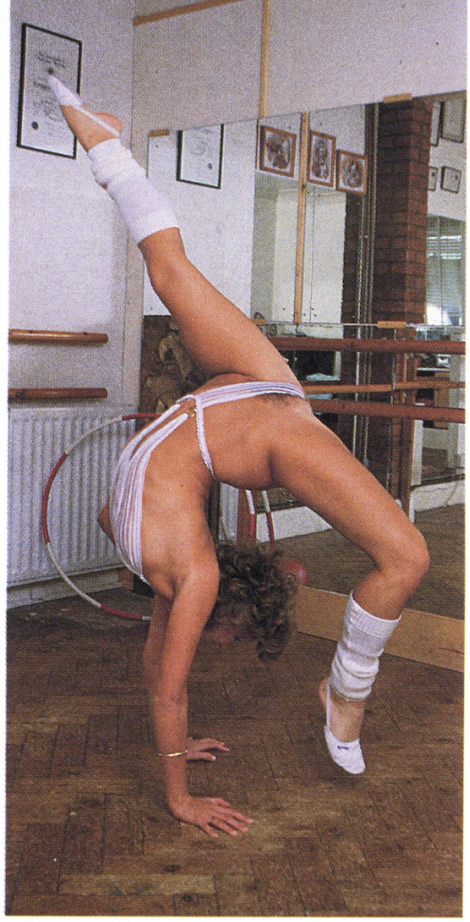
MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
ANNABEL FAIRCHILD

Meet Lynette Gordon, Britain's nudest international gymnast

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON BERNARD

When Lynette Gordon was still a baby her mother was worried about her being so supple that she took Lynette to hospital to see what was wrong. The answer, thankfully, was nothing. But that suppleness would come in handy in later years as Lynette blossomed into one of Britain's top gymnasts. 'I could do the splits before I could walk, according to my mum,' says 20-year-old Lynette, who these days is a supple 36-25-36. Lynette's forte is Modern Rhythmic Gymnastics, which was included as an Olympic sport for the first time in Los Angeles last year. The competition is just for girls, and is performed entirely on the floor with hand apparatus – hoop, ball, rope,





clubs and ribbon – and is set to piano music. The exercises are of 90 seconds duration, and must not include any acrobatics, except splits and rolls. Leotards can be changed for each discipline to match the music. Girls also compete in teams of six. Lynette, who was born in Scotland, but has lived in Earlsdon most of her life, has been a member of the Coventry Marsden Club since she was nine, and they have been Team British Champions five times. In 1980 Lynette won the Junior British Championship, and before becoming a senior won the intermediate British championship as well. Lynette has also competed for Britain in three World Championships.

Those three world championships marked the high point of Lynette's gymnastic career although she finished out of the medals. Personally, her proudest moment was when she won the Junior British title, and her little sister came on stage, and presented her with a dozen red roses. 'It really choked me up,' said Lynette, who has travelled throughout Europe since the age of 12. While still at Coventry's Sydney Stringer School she met David Moorcroft who had come to talk about Youth Opportunities schemes. 'He sort of took me under his wing, and he helped me enormously with my training and any equipment I needed. He encouraged me greatly, and suggested I try for a scholarship to Bulgaria, the idea being to learn different cultures and experience their way of life.' Lynette gained the scholarship, and while there an earthquake sent her hotel shaking, and she was evacuated into the street. When she left school at 16 she joined the Youth Opportunities scheme teaching keep-fit, gymnastics, and even aerobics. She has appeared on TV's *The Generation Game, Magpie* and *Pebble Mill at One.*

In Ireland, for a display with the British team, she met the Irish President, and had the next room to the Russian gymnast Ludmilla Tourischieva. 'Once at a competition I was watched by Princess Anne, and I'd made a mistake during my exercise. And there I was, I'd just come off the floor, perspiring, and was so nervous as I was presented to her. She was marvellous, and told me not to worry, that everyone makes mistakes, and that she'd even fallen off her horse.' Lynette has enjoyed her life fully, staying at Europe's best hotels, and herself being treated like 'a little princess.' Another time in Bulgaria the locals used to come up and touch her, the official reason being that they were intrigued by blue eyes and fair hair, though Lynette admits they were mainly men. Two years ago Lynette found that the constant training – she was up at six for gym – and trying to hold down a job put too much strain on her home life, 'I didn't even have a boyfriend,' and reluctantly she quit gymnastics, and is now concentrating on a modelling career. Recently she was doing promotion work for the Meat Marketing Board at the Royal Show. As an accolade to Lynette, a gymnastic official told us that Lynette was too nice to go further in the sport. 'She didn't like trampling on her friends to get to the top', and that she was loved by the other girl gymnasts. Lynette, we all love you as well.

The girls you've asked to see

Michelle

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Every reader has his favourite model, and nobody expects everyone else to agree with him. But when we are still receiving appreciative mail almost four years after a girl's appearance in *Mayfair*, then she must be something special. Such a girl is 23-year-old Michelle Roden whose beautiful face and voluptuous 34D-23-34 figure stunned readers when we featured her in Vol 16 No 12. We are still getting requests to show more of Michelle as a Girl You've Asked to See, and typical of your comments is the one from AH of Exeter. 'Those beautiful blue eyes and that inviting mouth give her such a sexy look. And combined with those perfect breasts, she's my number one, that's for sure. Please lets see more of her for the sake of new readers.'

Always eager to bow to your requests, we tried to track Michelle down to ask her to pose for us again. She had always been a shy and diffident model, and it turns out that she has now dropped out of the modelling world altogether. Even her former agent has lost touch with Michelle, and she said the last she heard was that Michelle was knitting jumpers. Not ones to give up, however, we were able to find a set of photos which Donald Milne took of Michelle before she ended her career. And we think you'll agree after looking at them that it's a great pity Michelle has decided not to carry on modelling. But if she ever changes her mind we at *Mayfair* would be extremely delighted to hear from her.

Leggy Michelle, who stands at five feet seven inches, was living in the Birmingham suburb of Edgbaston when we last heard from her. She left school at 16 with seven O Levels, and then began a modelling career which included an appearance as a *Starbird* and on the cover of a hi-fi magazine, as well as on our cover and inside Vol 16 No 12. Her favourite hobby was driving, and she admitted to overdoing the speed occasionally. She also enjoys horseriding.

Rosemary

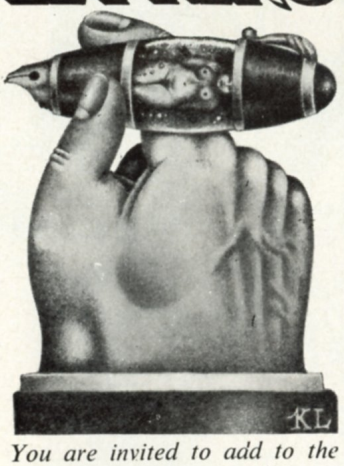
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER

Modelling for *Mayfair* on the idyllic Greek island of Mykonos is a far cry from typing letters in a local government office in Cardiff. But when 22-year-old Rosemary Evans was invited to join photographer Ian Potter on a modelling trip, and reveal her pert 34-22-34 figure for our readers, she jumped at the opportunity. 'It was like a dream come true,' our dark haired celtic beauty told us. 'I've always wanted to go to Greece, and it was just wonderful, though next time I'll have to watch out for that *ouzo*, it's strong stuff.' Rosemary had wanted to appear in *Mayfair* for some time but was too shy until friends prompted her.

ΧΑΡΑ

Following in the great Welsh bardic tradition, Rosemary is a keen amateur poet, though we couldn't persuade her to show us any. 'I really don't think it's good enough to publish, and anyway some of the people mentioned might be annoyed, specially one old boyfriend. If he read what I wrote about our relationship his ego would certainly wilt, along with everything else.' Not that Rosemary is a maneater. 'Oh, no. Some of my more militant female friends dispair of me because I'm so domesticated. I like the idea of staying home and keeping house for my man. Or at least I will do one day. Right now I am quite happy being a single girl open to opportunity.'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

What is it about your magazine that makes a quiet, rational, intelligent woman who has happily been practising a self-induced period of celibacy for the past fourteen months go absolutely nutty, and seduce three fellas in the last week.
I thought it might be the sun, or it could have been the lovely bronzed body of the man just back from holiday oozing with a quiet sex appeal. But it still doesn't explain my buying *Mayfair* in the first place, something I've never done before, or what happened to me when I read it.
I think it was the underlying subtlety I sensed when reading the mag, rather than the pictures alone. And I found the letters and *Quest* interviews a real turn on.
It is intriguing what turns a woman on. In those *Quest* interviews it was hairy chests, the specific shape and feel. With my bronzed fella it was a sense of humour. He is not a total stranger as he is my TV rental man. But the tremendous affection, the delectable kisses, and a skilled probing hand; a mixture of gentleness and strength, with firm broad shoulders – well, this time we couldn't resist it.
(Name and address withheld)

Oh *Mayfair*! How could you do this to me? I refer to the advertisement for your video featuring Sophie the long-legged air hostess. Some of us can't afford video machines.
How about a colour spread of Sophie and her long legs to give us paupers an eyeful? Imagine that, with no shoes or stockings . . . wow!
E Cole, Crediton

You'll just have to club together with Devon's other leg-men, or buy a projector. Our sexy six are still available on 8mm and Super 8 cine film.

How pleasant it was to see all of Carina Roma in Vol 20 No 8. She is very attractive, but what impressed me most was the frank story that went with it. Unlike some of your rivals, you seem to have a great rapport with your models, and are able to ask and find out about some of their most intimate secrets which sheds more light on their characters.
I respect Carina's desire to remain a virgin. Both my wife and I were virgins when we married – and not for lack of opportunities. It does not make you a prude, as Carina's modelling career proves. It seems like a good idea to have some sort of commitment from both partners before sex, but don't go getting the impression that those of us who choose or chose to abstain have no fun. In

my opinion, foreplay can be just as enjoyable as the act itself, and almost infinitely variable. Although we were virgins, my wife and I indulged in oral sex, and I became quite an expert with my tongue. One might consider that drawing the line between entering with the tongue and the penis is rather silly. I would disagree. In those non-contraceptive days, pregnancy was a great fear. Now contraception is around more commonly, it is heart warming that there are still girls around like Carina who prefer sex to be something other than a casual pastime.
Carina should not be mocked or sensationalised for her view. Nor should she be pestered by those who feel she is somehow just teasing.
Thank you all for your pictures of Carina, but more importantly for that valuable insight into her character.
JPS, Nottingham

It is our policy wherever possible to interview models who appear in the magazine for exactly that reason. Whether it is cheekiness, seriousness or just an amusing incident in their lives, we feel that stories like that add a whole new dimension to the girls who appear.

Thanks to *Mayfair*, my wife and myself are now enjoying a revival in our bedroom activities which I would not have thought possible after twelve years of marriage.
Up to a few months ago neither of us had ever bought or discussed men's magazines, so it was a shock to return home from a short business trip to find a copy of *Mayfair* in my wife's bedside cabinet. At first she was very embarrassed, having forgotten to hide it from me. But then she admitted that she and a friend had been looking at the friend's husband's copies for some time.
The issue I found had fabulous Zoe Lee on the front cover, and it soon became obvious that my wife had a very keen eye for a good figure.
We started looking through the mag together, and it will not surprise you to hear that my welcome home ended much more fruitily than the usual peck on the cheek.
Since then we have taken to studying *Mayfair* together in great detail, and it is amazing to hear my normally reserved wife discussing the merits of nipple size and the bushiness of your delightful models' pubes. She now takes a great interest in her own figure, and will, with some persuasion, pose for me while I photograph her. These sessions usually end prematurely.
Our greatest delight is using an old magnifying glass we had in the house to study the pictures in even greater detail. It is surprising how much more you can see through some lacy panties or nightwear, and the heightened enjoyment we get from each issue can be recommended to other readers.
I am now waiting to see if I can persuade my wife to bring her friend round for a joint magazine session. That would really be something to look forward to as despite being in her late thrities my wife's friend has maintained an excellent figure. Anyway I shall bide my time, and look forward to a sexcessful end to the year.
P T, Middlesbrough

Thanks, *Mayfair*, for your *Slap-Happy Affair* in last month's issue. It is without doubt the best story I have ever read. It was well written, and tasteful, but so erotic that it had me groaning with pleasure.
Like your leading character, Betty, I would go to Berlin or anywhere else in the world for a smacking by a dominant man. For me, no other sexual practice comes close to spanking.
Please, please, let's have some photographs of ladies receiving six of the best in future issues.
Diane, W Yorkshire

I bought a copy of Vol 20 No 7 on the strength of George Lewis' *Slap-Happy Affair*, of which I caught a glimpse over the shoulder of a browser at my local newsagents. It was the upper illustration that caught my eye, and made me blush for I've tried a ping-pong bat on myself as a fanciful preliminary to masturbation. I love the idea of being paddled, but have never known how to court it. But I have had some playful whackings, and once something more like a macho battering which is not what I'm after.
What I want, frankly, is to lie across a man's lap, and feel him growing in appreciation of the sight of my naked backside. I want him to use a flat paddle like a smooth ping-pong bat to start gently turning each buttock pink, thoroughly and methodically from the summit of the cleft to the demarcation of my bottom and thigh. I want it to glow, and feel the warmth like an impish blush.
When he has done that, I want him to smack me flat and hard, right across the rounded summit of both cheeks. I'm sure this will make me come.
I also have a fantasy of lying prone on a sofa with a pillow under my abdomen to raise my

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LETTERS

continued from page 6

rear peach a little. My partner sits in front of my face, and I have his penis in my mouth while he reaches out to paddle me. I want to bring him off as I come. I've never brought a man off in my mouth before, and am saving my 'virginity' for a scene like this.

But I don't know how to bring it off. I just can't seem to get up the nerve to ask, partly for fear of being misunderstood. As far as I've seen, the men's and sexual advice magazines seem to pass spanking off or liken it to the sado-masochistic scene which I would prefer to avoid. I wonder whether, if more girls posed 'spankably' in magazines, more men might get the idea that some girls like being spanked without being roughed up generally.

Along those lines, though there are a wealth of pretty backsides in your magazine, only Helen Smith's in the lower photograph on page 37 seems to invite paddling at all. The upper illustration, on the other hand seems to suggest rear entry – not all that bottoms are good for. What I would like to see is a beauty contest for the most provocative hind quarters between about eight or ten models, each posed stretched out with a bolster under her loins to give prominence to the issue. If you really wanted to be impish about it, you could lay a hairbrush along the summits of each girl's buttocks to really get the message accross. The very idea of it makes me juicy. I'd like to be a contestant myself! With that in the issue, with a copy of it in my flat, I think I could probably get the kind of treatment I want, at long last.

Miss JF, Edinburgh

We have a feeling that you will be inundated with offers from men all over the country. However, they will have to join the queue behind us. Let's hope Britain's sports shops have a plentiful supply of bats.

I've noticed that your letters columns have occasionally featured lists from groups of *Mayfair* readers of *Girls You've Asked to See.* I'm writing on behalf of BUMMER, the Birmingham United Mayfair Magazine Editorial Readers, concerning our votes for a new category, 'Girls We'd Hate to See.' Please, please encourage the following to never appear nude in *Mayfair.*

Claire Rayner, Bella Emberg, Su Pollard, both French and Sanders, Mollie Sugden, the Roly-Polies, Alison Moyet, Helen Terry, Rusty Lee, Olive from *On the Buses . . .*

The Boys from Bummer, Birmingham.

A little unfair, perhaps. Not everyone can be pretty enough to appear in Mayfair.

I was entertained and amused by the letter from JCB of Shropshire concerning his attempts at various of the popular kinks. Some he dismissed rapidly as being unsuccessful and not a turn-on, but perhaps he is being unfair. The situations he found himself in were largely contrived. Half the fun of 'kinkiness' is is derived from spontaneity. I am fortunate in having a wife who not only likes trying lots of different forms of sex, but also believes in being as spontaneous in her actions as possible. This leads to sex in practically any part of the house at any time of day, sometimes with some amusing kinks thrown in. Like JCB, we have tried bondage, but in very different circumstances, and more successfully.

One very hot day, we were lounging in the garden in our swimming gear. I knew Janet (name changed) was in one of her mischievous moods, she had been since lunch, and her hand had been straying inside my trunks all afternoon. But being a warm 80 degrees, I was still managing to drift off to sleep now and again.

I finally dropped off for about half an hour, and awoke when I heard Janet giggling. I opened my eyes then tried to sit up. It was impossible. While I was asleep, she had pinned me down with, would you believe, a set of croquet hoops. Two held my arms down at the shoulder, another two my legs. I laughed and wondered what I was in for. Janet beamed widely, and said, 'Tea time!', and placed beside me a large bowl of fruit salad. There was also a jug and one of those aerosol cans of cream.

She started by picking out pieces of fruit, and popping them in my mouth. Despite the restrictions, this was very pleasant. Then she accidently-on-purpose plopped a segment of peach onto my bare chest. It was cold and rather clammy. Just as the juice began to run down my chest she bent down and picked it up with her warm moist lips. It was a lovely feeling, and I could feel a certain tension in my trunks. Then splat, splat, splat, as more pieces of fruit fell onto my chest. Some were picked up and eaten by Janet herself, others also picked up in her mouth and then transferred to mine in a deep loving kiss. The tautness in my trunks was getting unbearable.

Janet was at her teasing best, and could see the agony I was in, pinned down like that. She carried on with the torture by dropping a trail of juicy fruit down my tummy, so she had to lick it up with her face practically resting on my bulging trunks. Then came the climax (literally). She began to peel down my shorts to reveal an over-excited member standing up straight. Running her hands up it, she looked at me, teasingly and more mischievously than ever.

Then having pushed my legs together she picked up the remains of the fruit, and poured it right onto my bare crotch. The juice tickled like mad as it ran over my balls, but that was nothing compared with what was to come. She picked up the jug of cream and held it over my knob. Still smiling she slowly tipped it and the thick cream began to run down my cock in a slow trickle, then over my balls. It was still cold from the fridge, and tickled like crazy, but was still very erotic, and I began to twitch. But Janet had one further decoration for her fruit salad. The aerosol came out, and she carefully ran a neat border around my testicles, and then holding me by the shaft, added a little dollop right on the knob. From what I could see, it looked bloody ridiculous, and Janet was giggling away to herself, as she settled down to her mad-hatter's tea party.

Her tongue started by lapping around my thighs, licking up the juice and cream as she went. It was excruciating. Especially as she neared my scrotum and carried on licking and kissing. Over my balls she went, nibbling away at the pieces of fruit, until she reached my shaft. With long licks, she ran her tongue up my cock, making appreciative little noises as she did so. I was groaning away too, not certain how much more I could stand. When the twitching became violent, Janet knew what to do. Her mouth engulfed the dollop of cream on the top of my knob. Her lips and tongue deftly moved around it, sucking and licking all the time. It didn't take long.

It was an unusual blow job, and quite spontaneous. Much the best way of enjoying something a bit kinky.

GM, Luton

It gives a whole new meaning to tea and croquet on the lawn.

I thoroughly enjoyed your Kent and East Sussex Railway feature. As a long-time member of my local steam railway, I must say they were even better than the pictures I have taken – and I am very arrogant about those as anyone will tell you.

But I would like to correct one

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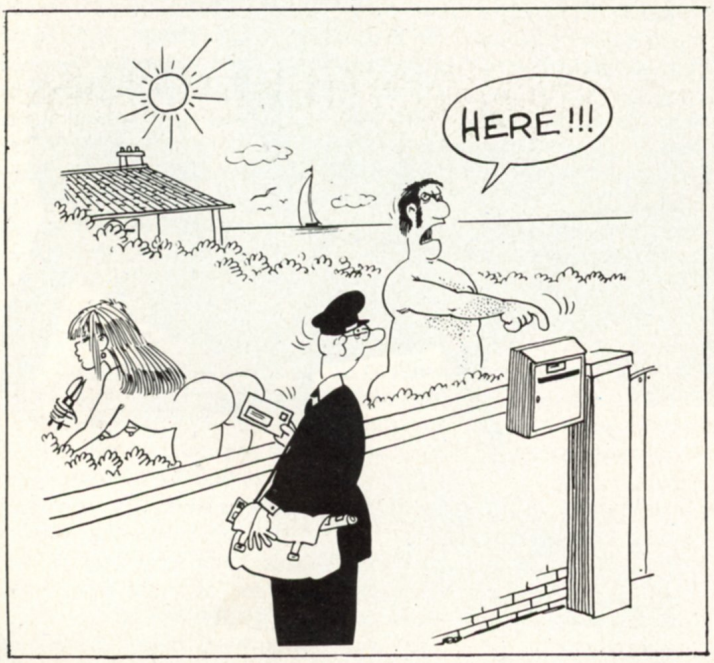


LETTERS

continued from page 14

view which some people seem to have about railway fans, and that is that they are childish. We are as grown-up as any car lover or film buff, and the activities behind the engine sheds on our line are legion. So much so, the phrase 'Would you like to see the work-in-progress?' has become a standing joke.

My turn came last summer with one of the friends of a fellow steam fan. She was tall, brunette, with beautifully bouncy 36-inch boobs, and claimed to love steam engines because they were so 'rugged and masculine'. She even said that the power they had made her 'all unnecessary'. She was a natural to see 'work-in-progress.'

Sure enough, we reached the sidings, and as your *Quest* so deftly put it, touch was a sexual give-away. As she saw our express loco, her hands went around me, clinging for support. I felt those boobs pushing into me, and I started feeling a bit unnecessary myself.

'Can you drive it?' she asked.

'Yes,' I lied to her, 'but not now.'

I showed her what worked what, as far as I knew, and her grip got tighter. I turned towards her, and I saw her eyes burning into me. Suddenly she pushed me against the controls, and started kissing me passionately. I was quite shocked, but pleasantly so as her tongue pushed into my mouth and began probing around in there.

One of the levers was digging into my back so I pulled her off the loco onto the grass of the siding. She was very excitable then. Her hands were everywhere at once, while her lips continued to press hard against mine. She was wearing a full skirt which my hands slipped under with no difficulty. She had bare legs, and as I reached the cotton of her knickers she went wild.

I didn't have time to ask myself what had brought her on like this. She had me unzipped, and was helping me ease her panties down before I could think. As I rolled on top of her, she grabbed my penis, and shovelled it into her fanny. Then I ran my hands over her big, bouncy breasts. It spurred me on for what was a quickie, but a mutually satisfying one at that.

As I came to my senses, I asked her why she liked trains so much, and what had made her so excited. She told me a long story which revolved around sex being like a steam piston, locos like large men with all that pent-up power etc etc. I didn't really believe it, but it provided a great knee trembler, and a good story to tell the boys.

When I did tell them, they were unamazed.

'Oh that's our local nympho,' said one. 'She said the same thing to Mr Morris about his MG Midget.'

Be that as it may. Before mocking the steam buff as a childish nutter, remember it can have unexpected benefits.

(Name and address withheld)

We'd never suggest rail fans are a little loco, especially with a track record like that.

Much of the graffiti one sees on toilet walls nowadays is of pensionable age, but I saw a new piece recently: Masturbation is the thinking man's television.

AT, Leeds

I was greatly amused by WG of Richmond's letter concerning the unfortunate statements made by the public during the time of conversion to natural gas. Like WG, I also work for the Gas Board, and our branch also collects these wonderful letters. May we add to the collection with a few other quite genuine ones from our customers.

'It's about time your workmen came back to fill the hole as we are fed up with having it in the street,' wrote one lady. 'It's a big attraction and we're getting children by the dozen.'

Another wrote, 'My neighbour has a bigger one than ours, and it makes a difference to her water when she fills the bath.'

Whilst another complained, 'The electric man did it through the floorboards, but your man put it in the front passage where everyone can see it.'

But our favourite (not surprisingly) is this compliment from a lady customer.

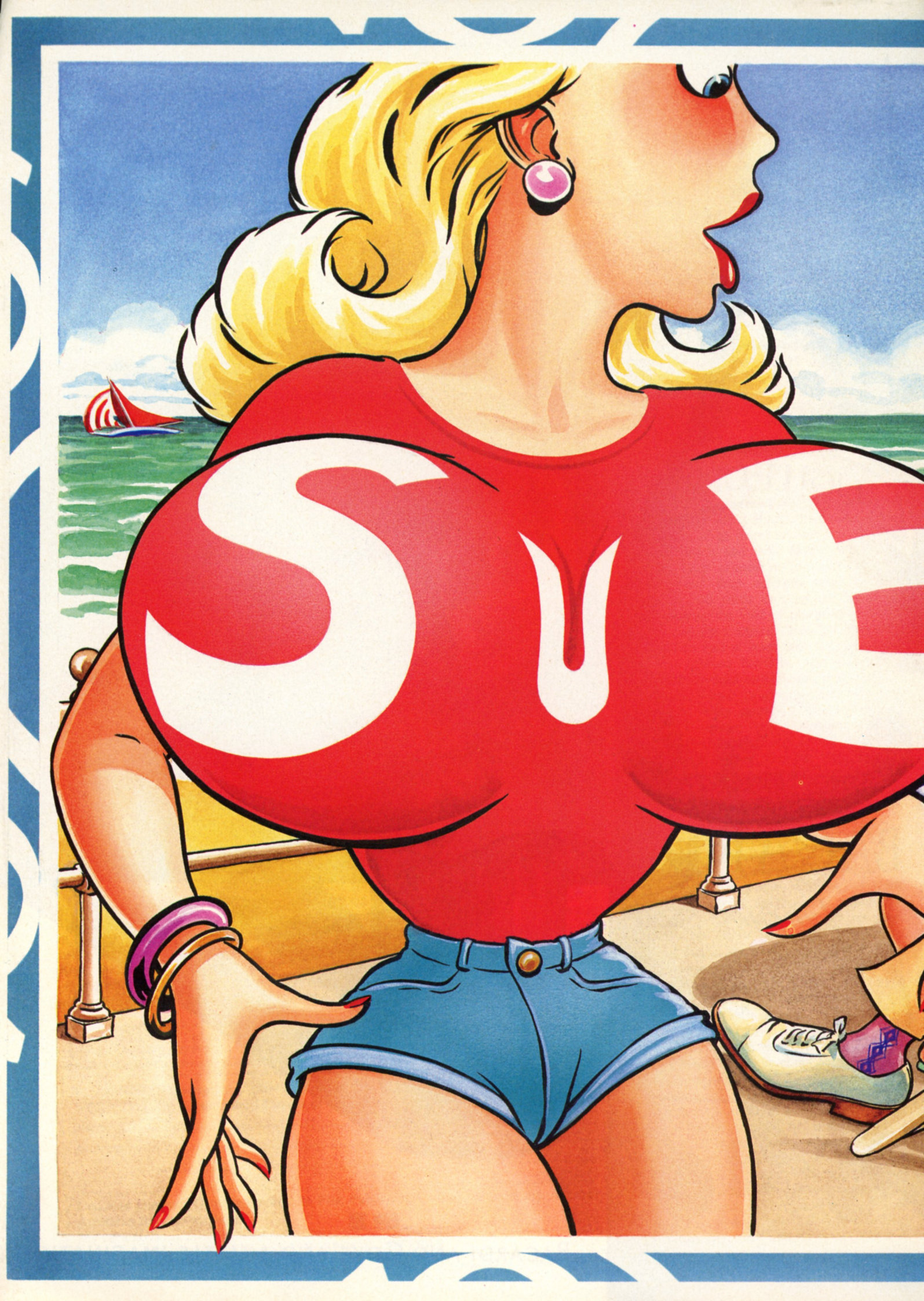
'My husband is pretty handy, but he says your men can do it better because of their tools.'

BJ, London SE13

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ

'Is it warm in this morning?'


SUE

When you're a professional ventriloquist even your own body can get you into hot water, specially your closest friend and colleague. Now, from the safety of my trousers, he is making obscene comments to that girl. I must get a grip on him

MORTIMER MOUTH

Fiction by Ken Warris

It happened in Sandsea, the Thinking Man's San Tropez, one cool evening late in the summer season. I sat meditating in a seafront deckchair, savouring in my nostrils the heady mixture of salt spray, Ambre Solaire, and vinegar from the mobile whelk emporium just behind me, when the Fanciest Filly in the Whole Wide World hove magically into view.

Sue, her name was. I could tell from her T-shirt which was bright red cotton, and under more strain than the national economy. There was a big yellow S over one mammalian mound, an E over the other, and in the deep valley between there lurked a hidden U. Evidently she didn't have any middle names: there was room for plenty.

What she did have was long golden hair like

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN BOUTELLE

Mortimer Mouth

continued from page 17

a champagne showerbath, hips that swung like pub signs in a high wind, and a pair of tight denim shorts that were doing their level best to disappear up every warm crease beneath them.

I was sitting, as I say, in a deckchair on Sandsea beach. But all of a sudden the front end of my cavalry twill trousers was halfway across the sand in pursuit of her.

And Mortimer, my oldest friend and valued professional colleague, was shouting out: 'Hello, darling! Got room in those pants for a ten-inch squatter?'

The Fanciest Filly in the Whole Wide World stopped in mid shimmer, and glared at me. Oh yes, at me. Mortimer, that snake in the grass, was hiding out of harm's way. Now the lovely Sue had big, innocent blue eyes, and under most circumstances I'd have had nothing whatever against being looked at out of them. But at that particular moment they were giving out all the warmth of a Frigidaire convention on Baffin Island.

My stomach started body-popping. This is it, I thought. Face-in-the-tabloids time. 'Variety Star Jailed For Indecency. Castrated On Court Steps By Angry Mob.' Then Mortimer piped up again.

'I'd like to go up there so far, you'd have to send in a ferret to get me out.'

The Fanciest Filly fairly froze. She could see my lips hadn't moved. Her gaze dribbled apprehensively down to where the cavalry twills bulged and quivered.

'Hi,' said the bulge. 'I'm Mortimer. Your name is Sue. How do you do?'

She tottered. And who would deny she had the right to? Before she could fall, however, our little group was abruptly augmented by a new member: a middle-aged lady of ample proportions, with toes like globe artichokes poking out of sandals, and a hat which exhorted the beholder to kiss her quick.

'Oooh!' she squeaked, prodding at my face with a pint of winkles. 'You're 'im, aren't you? I saw your act last week at the Empire Palace 'Ippodrome.'

'Frankie Faversham,' I introduced myself with a twinkle of professional teeth.

The F F in the W W W stopped tottering.

'Emp ... Emp ... Empire Palace Hippodrome?' she stammered.

'I said to my George, I said, this bloke's the best ventriloquist I ever saw in my life. Oooh, the way you made voices come out of the scenery and all those other places ...'

'Vent ... vent ... vent ...' The filly stared at my cavalry twills again. Then she grinned, blushed most prettily, and gave her hair a pat. I passed her a complimentary ticket.

'Two shows a day, except for Sundays,' I said.

Ten minutes later I was safely ensconced in the gentlemen's lavatory of the Battered Haddock public house. As soon as the cubicle door was locked behind me, I yanked Mortimer out from his hiding place, and gave him a piece of my mind.

'Are you crazy? What sort of a stunt was that to pull?'

Mortimer only grinned. He was looking smug – and believe you me, nothing in this world looks smugger than a stiff willy. His one eye peeped out from the wrinkled turban he always wore, and winked.

'Aw, Frankie,' he said. 'Whatcha geefing agout?'

'You know damn well what I'm geefing agout.' I grabbed him by the throat so he'd know I meant business. 'You've been getting too big for your truss lately, Mortimer. You could have got me six months without the option back there.'

He shrugged. Twitched, anyway.

'OK, OK. So I yelled at the geautiful glonde with the gig gazookas. So sue me.'

'That is only the most recent of a long catalogue of misdeeds, young sir. What about last week, when you slipped out in the middle of my charity show for the senior citizens? Eight old ladies fainted on the spot.'

'Three of them asked for your autograph when they came round.'

'The night before that, you poisoned the park's prize dahlias.'

'A mere peccadillo, Frankie. Geddit? Pecker-dillo?'

'And then,' I proceeded remorselessly, 'there was that business with The Amazing Ramona.'

'Ah,' said Mortimer.

The Amazing Ramona was one of the other acts at the Empire Palace Hippodrome that summer. To be precise, two of the other acts. She doubled as fire-eater and lady contortionist, to the delight of the male half of the theatre's audience, and the likely hastening of the end of civilisation as we know it.

She was a foxy little brunette with apple-sized boobs, and a permanent perfume of fresh warm fanny about her, and we had known each other less than a week before Mortimer decided to stick his nose in where it was most definitely welcome.

Believe me, no man can truly call himself a man until he has attempted sexual intercourse while standing on his head. The technical term is a Neck Trembler.

But alas, into each tub of ointment must fall a fly. In our case, the fly was The Amazing Ramona's official boyfriend, whose suspicions became aroused as the season progressed. And since The Amazing Ramona's official boyfriend was none other than The Great Pancho, our resident Mexican knife-thrower, this put the affair on a wholly new metaphysical plane as far as I was concerned.

In a brief but absorbing interview, he had advised me that if he ever again caught me so much as sniffing the air in the lobby where The Amazing Ramona had farted, he would take one of his Mexican knife-thrower's knives, and part me from Mortimer on a permanent basis. And this caused me not a little dismay, since without Mortimer I would lose the high spot of my act.

'I am a tolerant man,' I told my oldest friend and colleague now, as I stood in the Battered Haddock's salubrious latrine. 'Forgive and forget has ever been my watch-word. But you have dropped me in the fertiliser once too often, my lad, and it's high time you were taught a lesson.'

I tightened my grip. Mortimer's head popped out of his turban. I saw he was purple in the face.

'Leggo, Frankie!' he croaked. 'I thought we were guddies!'

'Gollocks. This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you,' I snarled, warming to my work.

Then someone pounded on the cubicle door. I let Mortimer go. He sprang away from me, his head thudding against the graffiti'd wall.

'Come out of there!' yelled a voice. 'You bloody perverts! There's two of you in there!'

'No there isn't!' I shouted back.

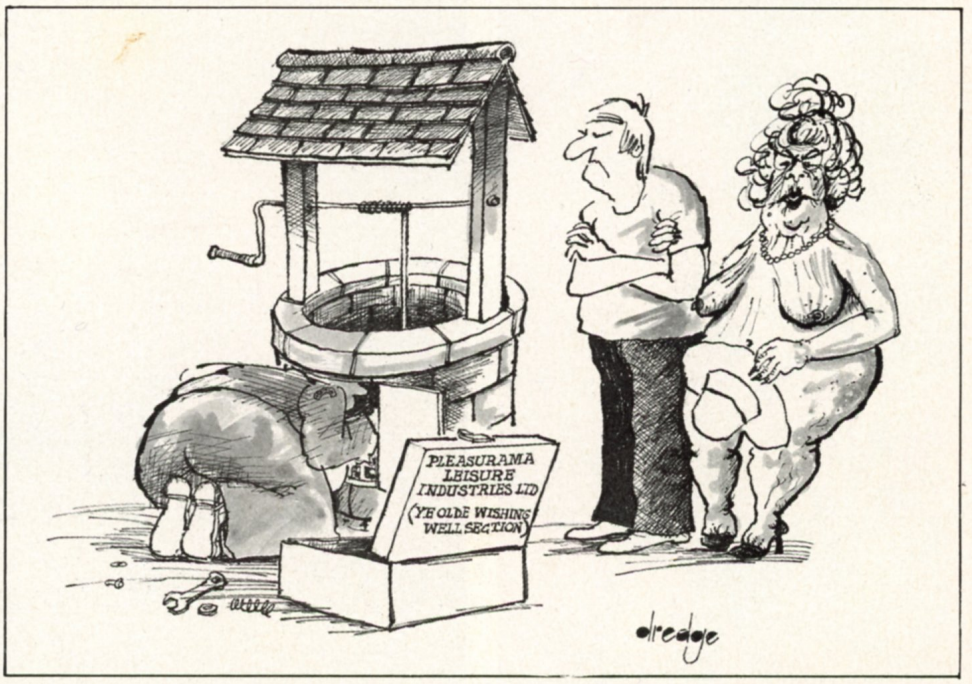
'You're a liar as well as a poof! I heard you! Open this door!'

I hastily slipped Mortimer back into the cavalry twills, and undid the bolt. Outside, an orang-outang with 'Mother' on his left biceps loomed over me.

'Filthy disgusting unnatural bas ...' it began. Then, as it looked past me into the confined space, bewilderment dawned in its battle-reddened eyes.

It pushed me out of the cubicle, and searched it with a fine tooth comb. It stood on tiptoe, and checked the top of the cistern. It raised

turn to page 26



Mortimer Mouth

continued from page 19

the seat, and peered down the toilet. For a tattooed orang-outang, it was a thorough son of a bitch.

It backed out again. 'Bugger me! There was only you in there.'

'That's right,' I averred. 'And if it's all the same to you, I'd rather like to get that way again.'

I slammed the door on the orang-outang's nose. I heard another muffled 'Bugger me!', then heavy footsteps lumbered out of the gents', leaving me and Mortimer alone again. I unzipped, and pulled the little rascal out. He was looking pretty damned uneasy: there was even a tear in his eye. But I wasn't feeling in a merciful mood.

'Now then, Mortimer,' said I, grabbing him with one hand, and the Izal Medicated with the other, 'you and I have some unfinished business together.'

The Sandsea moon was rising as I made my way, just a little weak about the knees, from the Battered Haddock to the Empire Palace Hippodrome for the eight o'clock show. Mortimer was curled up, damp and chastened, in a little nook to the right of my cavalry crotch.

My dressing room at the Empire Palace Hippodrome had real class. You could have fitted it into a matchbox, and still had room for the matches. The single tap over the sink dispensed cold treacle. The window gave on to an alley so gloomy that even the cats needed guide dogs.

As I groped for the string that worked the light, I could make out sundry shapes in the darkness. The ripening pile of laundry in the sink. The Famous Grouse bottle on the shelf above. On the make-up table, my two faithful dummies, Fats and Florinda. All familiar, all reassuring.

Except that there were three shapes on the make-up table, not two. And furthermore, I could detect an aroma in the room which most certainly should not have been in the room at all.

Paraffin?

Before I could investigate, something went SWOOSH! and two torches flamed into life on the make-up table. Between them, balancing on the palm of one hand, with her ankles tied in a bow around her neck, and her head growing upside down out of her backside, who should I behold but my friend, The Amazing Ramona.

'Lo there Frankie, our kid,' she greeted me with a wiggle of toes. 'Ow's my little mucker Mortimer tonight?'

A grumpy voice issued from below my navel. 'Don't talk to me. I'm not fit to be seen.'

The Amazing Ramona laughed and partly uncoiled herself, so that she could look at me the right way up. Now Ramona's laugh was a lot like bells pealing, and if Mortimer hadn't recently taken such a beating, I fancy he would have upped periscope at the sound. Instead, he sulked on in the darkness.

'Don't be like that, wack,' said Ramona. 'Yer wouldn't disappoint a lady, would yer?'

She settled into an inverted lotus position. The bra she wore was just two spangled triangles, held together by bows at each side. Her panties worked on the same principle. There wasn't a muscle in that little body that wasn't in quivering peak condition, and the glint in her eyes suggested that she was seriously determined to give them a work out.

Picking up one of the flaming torches from its little stand, she passed it lightly over her rippling belly. Then, extending a long velvet tongue, she took the business end in her mouth, and effortlessly sucked the flames out.

'Ee, but there's hotter fires inside,' she murmured.

And now she freed her long brown legs from their running bowline, shook them sinuously in the air, and with agile toes untied the ribbons which held her panties at the hips. As the tinsel cloth fell away, I felt heat hit my face as if I'd opened an oven door.

'Do something Frankie, you stupid gastard!' Mortimer groaned.

'I saw yer lips move!' grinned Ramona.

'Look who's talking,' I said.

With a girlish grin, The Amazing Ramona bent her right leg back until her shapely foot was pressed between her thighs. My mouth swung open. Her brown toes began to wiggle – playfully at first, then rougher and quicker. Little gasps and moans escaped her . . . then the same leg straightened out, swift as a snake, and two strong toes caught me by the nose, and began to pull me down.

'You've made your point, Ramona,' I promised in adenoidal tones. 'Let me go, and I'll do all a gentleman can for you.'

She obliged. I rubbed my cheek against the slippery silk of her inner thigh, savouring the feel of hard muscles beneath. My tongue lapped over the smooth terrain.

The light flickered before my eyes. For a moment I thought it was passion. Then I realised that Ramona had grabbed the second flaming torch, and was stroking herself sensuously. Suddenly there was a searing pain in my left buttock, and I smelt scorching cavalry twill, but I persevered.

Ramona's body bucked. Her thighs tied themselves in a double sheep-shank around my ears. I heard roaring – she'd sucked at her torch, and blown a jet of flame out through the window. In the alley, three seagulls and a gannet were turned to Colonel Sanders' finger-licking specialities on the spot.

'Oh, Frankie!' The Amazing Ramona sighed.

'Oh, Ramona!' I mumbled with my mouth full.

'Oh, caramba!' cried a voice behind us.

'Oh, Christ!' groaned Mortimer.

I disentangled myself, and spun round, my heart doing its famous *Titanic* impersonation.

The door of the dressing room gaped open, framing a figure out of a nightmare. He was wearing a sombrero as wide as a juggernaut wheel, and a silk shirt with frilly sleeves like demented leg-warmers. He had a bristling black moustache, and a furious face which was rapidly turning redder than sunset over Popacetapetl.

But more to the point, it chanced that the figure was also dripping razor-sharp knives – and that, I'll admit, did my *joie de vivre* no particular good at all.

'Ere, Pancho luv,' yelped my enamorata, fumbling to tie up the bows of her panties. 'Listen now, this isn't what it looks like, like . . .'

The Great Pancho ignored her. His eyes were painting invisible roundels on my person as he grabbed for a pair of blades.

'You steenkeeng sheet!' he roared. 'You feelthy Greengo chihuahua-molester! Thees time I chop eet off for sure!'

I looked around for a handy exit. There was none. The doorway was blocked, while the window was so damm narrow that a mouse couldn't have screwed it, unless he pared his penis with a pencil-sharpener first.

The Great Pancho hurled his first knife. All of a sudden I was pinned to the wall by the padding in my sports jacket shoulder. Pancho's eyes were flashing like the light on top of a police car.

That was a thought. 'Police!' I yelled. It came out as a dry-mouthed whisper.

Then Mortimer yelled, 'Police!' as well, and his voice made windows rattle up the coast

turn to page 111

'I think you might be in with a chance there.'

Mortimer Mouth

continued from page 26

even as far afield as Scarborough. 'When I am through weeth you, you weel have to peess out of your ears!' cried Pancho, flinging a second knife.

It parted my crocodile-skin belt, and the cavalry twill trousers dropped to my ankles, revealing my Y-fronts.

A third blade sliced elastic, and they dropped in turn. Mortimer was exposed to view, shrunk by fear to the size of a wart on a witch's nose.

Everything went dark. I thought I'd fainted, then I realised Ramona had hopped it with the last remaining torch.

The Great Pancho hefted another dagger. The darkness didn't bother him – he always finished off his act blindfolded. I saw him draw a bead on Mortimer, and I was just wondering whether eunuch ventiloquists might be in demand on the Middle East harem circuit when all of a sudden a blue shape loomed in the doorway of the dressing room, and a voice like an angel's orgasm asked, 'Did somebody here call "Police"?'

The next few minutes are somewhat hazy. Relief turned my brain to the consistency of melted butter, and let it drip warmly down the wall. I recall I heard Pancho mutter, 'Just a leetle rehearsal, officer,' – then the door slammed behind him. I hung where I was, my eyes half-shut and my drawers about my ankles. It seemed like a hospitable place to stay for a year or two.

'Frankie!' hissed a voice from down below. 'Wake up! Look who's here!'

'Whazzat?' I mumbled.

It seemed my little friend had recovered from his scare. Furthermore, he was over the effects of the trouncing I'd meted out at the Battered Haddock, and now he started to swell and to rise and to twitch until he was pointing across the room like a heat-seeking cucumber.

'Frankie! Look! It's her!'

I looked. Then I goggled. 'It's you,' I said to the cop who'd saved me from a fate considerably worse than death.

'You were hoping for Juliet Bravo?' asked Sue, the Fanciest WPC in the Sandsea Constabulary.

With a grin, she yanked off her black-and-white checked hat, shaking free her long golden hair. I took in the severe, dark blue serge jacket and skirt, the white shirt with the checkered cravat, the sheer black stockings, and sensible, gleamingly polished black shoes. An arresting vision.

'I thought I'd take in your act before I went on night patrol,' she explained, unfastening her jacket. My *savoir faire* returned at last.

'Then it would give me great pleasure to put on a special show just for you. Mortimer, sing your little song for the lady.'

Mortimer sang:

'When the red red roggin
Goes gog gog goggin along, along . . .'

Swaying to the tune, PC Sue began to unfasten the buttons of her shirt. In perfect precision, like a double sunrise, two soft quivering mountains hove into view.

'Whatcha call those?' Mortimer demanded.

'The Glue Street Hills?'

'Keep singing.'

He sang:

'There'll ge no more soggin
When he starts throggin
His old sweet song . . .'

Meanwhile, I decided it was time I made some contribution of my own to the proceedings, so I started digging Pancho's knife out of my jacket shoulder.

By the time I was free, the Fanciest Filly had slid out of her skirt and regulation blue serge knickers – a policeperson's lot is not a happy one – and was lying back on the makeup table in nothing but her sheer black stockings, cupping the magnificent twosome in her hands. Her golden legs were bent at the knees, and splayed out wide. Inside was all pink and creamy, like a strawberry milkshake. I climbed onto the table, and assumed a kneeling position.

'That was a nice song, Mortimer,' PC Sue murmured dreamily. 'Tell me, Frankie – what does he do for a finale?'

'The act ends with me putting him away in his box.'

'Gut I don't wanna go in the gox!' yelled Mortimer.

'Yes you do.'

'No I don't.'

'Yes you do,' Sue told him.

'I don't! I don't! I don't wanna go in the – wumph! Fwummuh fwummuh fwummuh wumph!'

'Fwummuh fwummuh fwummuh wumph is right,' Sue whispered.

'Mortimer's in the box now,' I told her.

'Welcome home, Mortimer,' she said.

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M209

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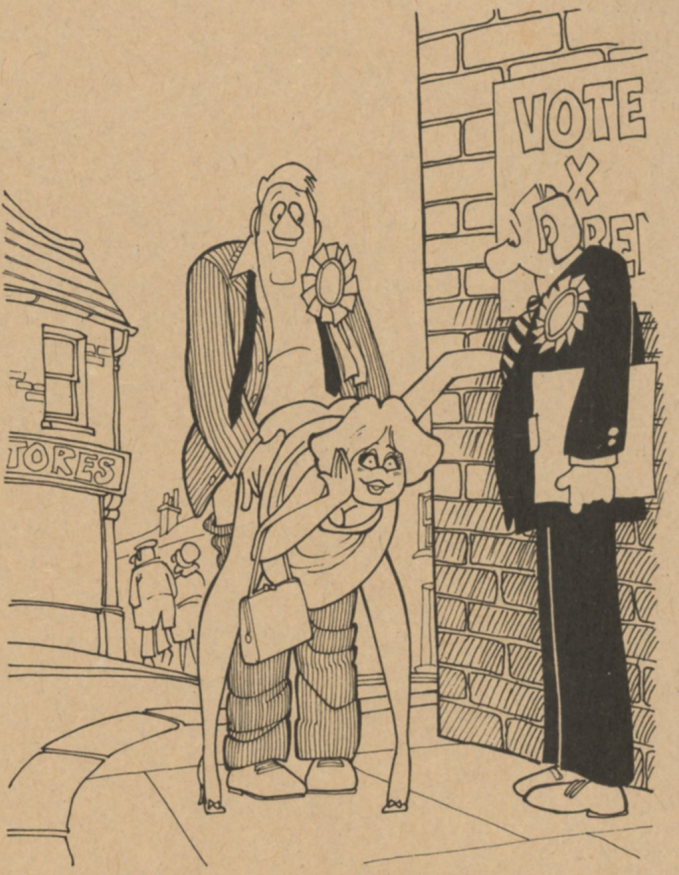
'Let's just say that I'm quietly confident of getting in this time.'

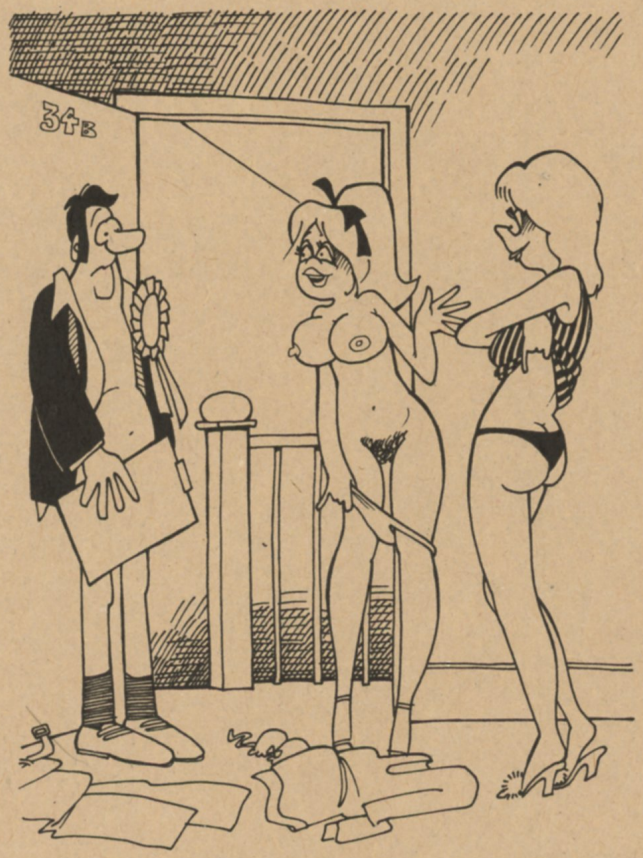
Standing for Parliament

By-election candidates are at the mercy of a fickle public. But, says cartoonist Anthony, girls seem happy to lend a hand to a hopeful member

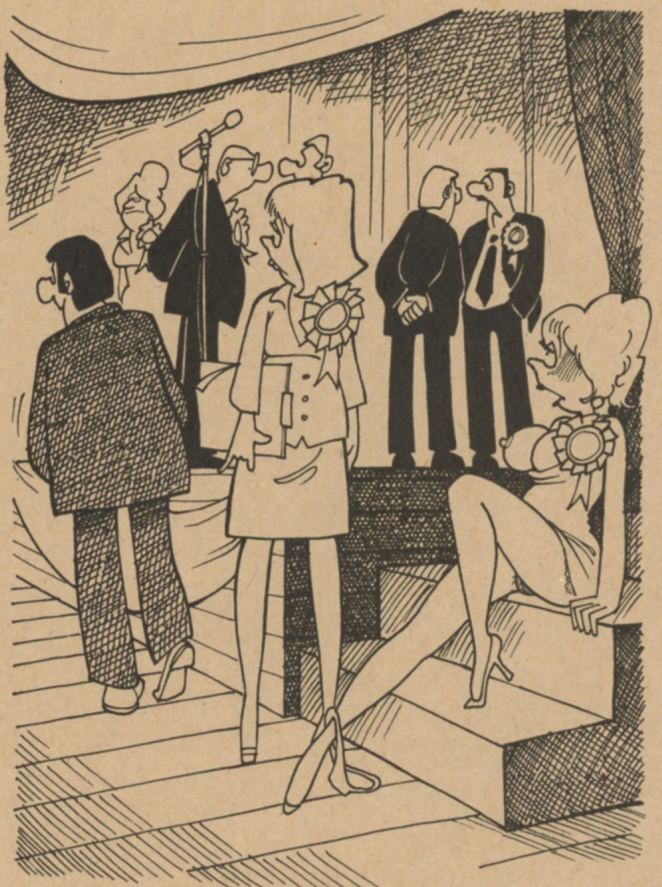
'Put her down as a definite "yes".'



'Personally, I find this far more effective than kissing babies.'



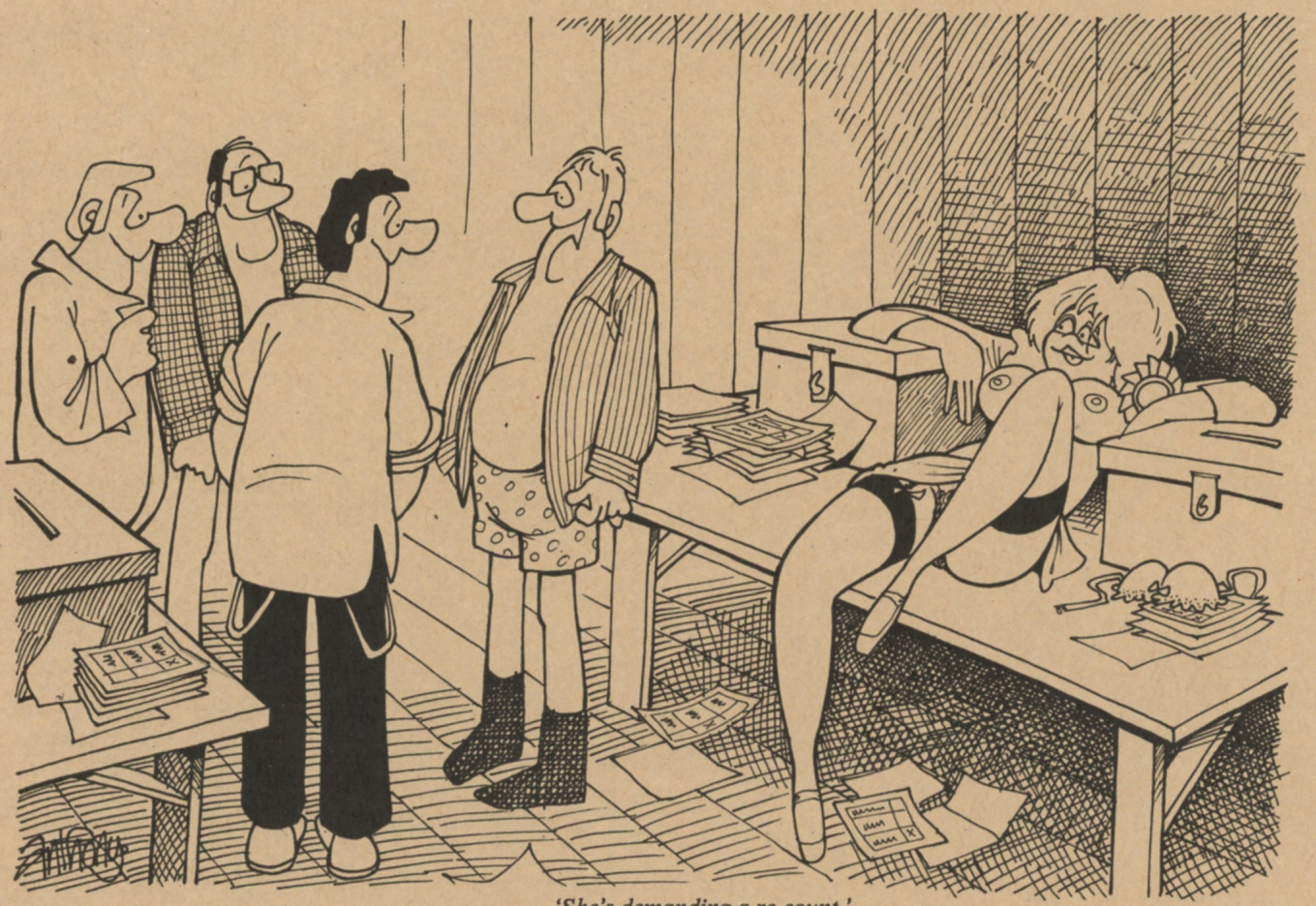
'Oh, by the way, my sister hasn't decided who to vote for yet, either.'



'I think he must be the Returning Officer. That was the third time tonight.'

'Gracious! I wasn't expecting such a large turn-out.'

'I hereby declare that Miss Sweeting has duly been elected as our candidate for the forthcoming by-election, by a majority of 11 to one.'



'She's demanding a re-count.'

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

Boston is a beautiful city, and never more so than in the fall; that special time of the New England year when the trees turn from green to golden russet. There must be at least a hundred shades of brown vissible along the eastern coastline from the Canadian border at New Brunswick into Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

Even more if you venture inland into scenic Vermont, then below Boston to Kennedy-rich Rhode Island, and the white verandahs and superannuated golf courses of Connecticut – New York City's very own stockbroker belt.

Nowhere else on the North American continent does the 'special relationship' between the old and the new England manifest itself so obviously.

Using Boston as your gateway, fly/drive, and please yourself. Don't spoil it by becoming a member of a coach party, whizzing up the interstate over to Canada, and back again, place-collecting.

New England, in tourist terms, is still far less popular than New York, America's west coast, and Miami, but much more up-market. I chose a Northwest Orient/National Car Rental fly/drive for seven days from Boston. Driving across into New Hampshire, making the ritual noises at Concord (Ralph Waldo Emerson and Louisa May *Little Women* Alcott's hometown).

I spent a blissful 48 hours at *The Sugartree*; a country inn high up in the green mountains of Warren, Vermont. It was filled with antiques, and there was even a rocking chair in my bedroom. The cost was £19 a night, including a generous breakfast of bacon and Vermont maple syrup poured over fluffy pancakes.

Book Howard Johnson's *Park Plaza* in Boston for your first and last nights, but there's no need to pre-book anywhere else in New England. Just turn up, and pick from an abundance of discounted accommodation available. The best is the small, family-owned inn, both in price and home comforts.

At first I found it difficult to keep my Buick 'Skylark' to the regulation 55 mph, but was overjoyed to be able to fill up the tank for £10 in Barre (pronounced Barrie), the first stage of route 302 across state to Portland, Maine.

I travelled the length and breadth of beautiful Vermont, through so many towns with English names (there were at least two Cambridges), white and grey clapboarded houses with verandahs that stood in their own spacious grounds, and white freshly painted churches.

From Portland I travelled back down into New Hampshire, stopping for blueberry pancakes at Portsmouth. Then on down to 'lobsterland', stopping at look-but-don't-touch Kennebunk, where the really rich have what they call their summer 'houses'.

I liked best Maine's wild north coast around Bar Harbor, Acadia National Park, Deer Isle, Camden, and Bay Point. I also liked Boston in the early morning when the streets were quiet, and even Mass Av (Massachusetts Avenue) had not awakened. One morning I walked over the bridge across the Charles to Cambridge, and turned right through a cut-out arch in a red-brick wall into Harvard and history. It was a day when school was out, and my only companions on the well-mown greensward were grey squirrels. John Harvard's statue sat in contemplative muse, seemingly past caring that birds continually left their marks.

Cosmos are offering a 'Foliage Tour' this autumn, in conjunction with TWA. My own fly/drive was costed at £436 for the week, plus I allowed another £100 spending money for petrol, food and drink.

Perhaps the pound does not buy what it did in its 1980 heyday, but the cost of living, even so, especially food and drink, is so much cheaper than in the UK. Petrol is very much so – and do buy some lightweight American clothes whilst you are there. Not only are they cheaper, the tailoring store will measure your length and cut off-the-shelf trousers exactly to order.

For further information contact United States Travel and Tourism Administration, 22 Sackville St, London W1X 2EA. Tel: 01-439 7433.

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

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♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡♡ **Private French Lessons (18), 1hr 26mins. Spying a lone, doe-eyed blonde at the prow of a Lake Zurich steamer, married, 35-ish smoothy Roland – on the prowl in dark glasses and leather trousers – applies his instant chat-up technique, and in moments is gently stroking the lady's G-string-clad and well-rounded rear. Seconds later he's liberated her equally rounded, and braless boobs, cupping and kissing them to the blonde's obvious delight. Later still he's removed her G-string, unzipped, and is humping her uninhibitedly against the window of the cabin. What lifts the scene well above average softcore *schlock* is the credibility – not just of the participants, but in the fact that they are overlooked by fellow passengers behind the cabin window – who are amused, embarrassed, outraged or simply unaware, much as onlookers *would* be. The device doubles the erotic charge, especially when the couple – dresses re-adjusted – smilingly enter the cabin, and Roland proceeds to stretch the lady across a bench table between two couples, and ride her again. He even invited male – and female – onlookers to caress her newly exposed boobs *en route* (the women don't take up the offer). Such imaginative touches enliven the tale as Roland tries to persuade his wife to his randy ways (she goes off on a dirty weekend with a workmate; he picks up two English girls on the steamer), and twosomes, threesomes and an extended lesbian romp in the bath ensue. Worth watching out for.

***♡♡ **Fletch** (PG), 1hr 36mins. In hot pursuit of a millionaire who bizarrely hires him to stage his own murder (the millionaire's) is Chevy Chase's wisecracking and nimble-witted investigative reporter, I M Fletcher. Casually he charges a $400 country club lunch to the account of a mean-minded member who's just left (having overheard his name), hijacks a passing sportscar by claiming to be a local authority exhaust emission tester, and swaps identities by the hour, keeping up a non-stop maniacal patter. The patter *is* the film, and very funny it is too. Chevy Chase, one of my favourite American comedians, lives up to his reputation here.

*** ♡♡ **Birdy** (15), 2hrs. While teenager Al (Nicolas Cage) energetically humps a casual pick-up beneath a seaside pier, his best friend Birdy (Matthew Modine) sits by, discussing birds of the feathered kind with the pick-up's understandably peeved girlfriend. Birdy, it seems, prefers bird-breeding to plain breeding. When he's not rearing them he's trying to fly himself – in a flapping wing machine or a half accidental leap from a 100 foot tower. After a traumatic Vietnam war experience he *becomes* a bird – in a military asylum: only Al can bring him down to earth. Funny, poetic and superbly made, but its sheer oddness stops it ringing entirely true.

***♡♡ **Code of Silence** (18), 1hr 40mins. 'If I want your opinion,' grunts Chicago Detective Sergeant Eddie Cusak (Chuck Norris) to one of a bar-full of murderous, barn-sized South American heavies, 'I'll beat it out of you.' Moments later he does – flattening dozens with a dazzling display of martial arts. Ex-world karate champion Mr Norris uses fists, feet, shotgun and remote-controlled robot mini-tank to obliterate a small army of Colombian drug traffickers, themselves intent on wiping out a rival Mafia gang. It's all good, witty, action-filled wish fulfilment.

***♡♡ **The Last Dragon** (15), 1hr 43mins. Martial arts again as Leroy Green (Taimak), a naive young Harlem black so obsessed with his hero Bruce Lee he dresses as a coolie, searches for the 'Master', the wisest man in the universe who will teach him the final level of his advanced karate skills. The fact that Leroy only looks in New York suggests the film is not entirely serious. A blend of kung-fu, *Star Wars* and pop video with a driving Motown soundtrack, broad self-mocking humour, fast action and a delicious heroine called Vanity.

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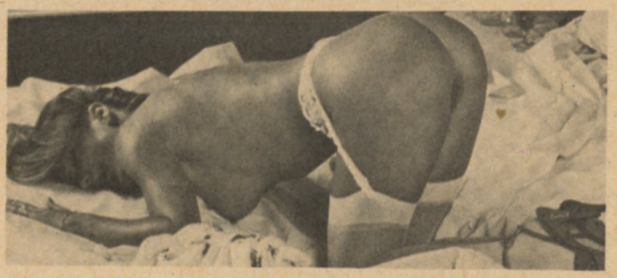

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

The Loose Box evokes memories of the sixties when my social base was centred there. Then it was just behind Sloane Street, where the best looking birds were always available, or so it seemed. 'In fact,' says Alice Hanrahan, then as now, in charge of *The Loose Box* (now at *136 Brompton Rd, Chelsea, SW3. Tel: 01-584 9280*) it was *Mayfair* which said it was the best pick-up place in town.' Searcy's, the owners, were reportedly 'horrified', but, one suspects, only so for the record. *The Loose Box* moved from Pavilion Road to its present address a few years ago, and in May of this year celebrated its 21st birthday. It opens every day, except Sunday, from 11am until 3pm and from 5.30pm until 11pm. The restaurant on the entrance floor has a larger menu, and is extremely pleasant, but it is in the basement where all my friends of yesteryear still congregate, and share a bottle of the hosue wine (*La Bourie*) at £4.20 a bottle. Johnny Burnaby-Atkins, mans the long bar – he is Mrs Hanrahan's No 2 – and opposite are *The Loose Box's* cut down horse stalls against a tangerine coloured wall bearing horse collars, brasses, and other bits of *Eperonnier*. The house champagne is Searcy's own Extra Dry, at £9.50. There are five house wines, including an extremely good *Virginie crisp* white for £4.50 a bottle and £2.35 a demi, and, moving onwards and upwards, a full and fruity *Beaujolais Villages Berangere 1982* (£6.35/£3.40). Two recommendations are the Spanish *Beron* a 1980 *Rioja* (£4.95), and the South African *Cabernet Sauvignon*, at £5.90. Hot and cold food is available at all times, including succulent underdone cold beef and ham off the joint at £2.10 per portion. It hasn't changed at all. Joanna Lumley was sitting in the corner of **Nontas** (*16 Camden High St, NW1. Tel: 01-387 4579*) chatting away, knowing that every eye in the place was on her, but giving a masterly performance of total unawareness. The *Nontas*, owned and run by Nontas and Helen Vassilakas, has great style. Its decor comprises a Cape Dutch scalloped ceiling with a central fanlight, wooden tables and chairs, and a high 'bridge' behind which Nontas himself sits, directing operations. The food isn't just very good, it is excellent. I began with starters in tiny dishes, costing 80/85p for full measures; *taramasolata, houmous, talattouri* (yoghourt with cucumber salad), plus a savoury *nalloumi*, or 'Greek Welsh Rarebit'. For my main course I had a mix of *sheftalies* (spicy Greek sausages) and *arnishie* (lamb kebab), served with chopped onions and lettuce, and hot pitta bread. My bill came to £9, with a glass or two of house wine. No wonder you have to ring and book.

Gordon's, London's oldest wine bar in the basement of *47 Villiers St, WC2. Tel: 930 1408* came to grief about ten years ago, and lost its special 14th century free vintners licence which enabled it to open any time it pleased. After a year it was bought by Luis Gordon, a well known name in the wine trade, who has immeasurably improved its amenities, both in size and quality. The food, is where the new chef, Mike Smith, is to be congratulated, providing a daily changing menu that includes several hot dishes (smoked chicken £2.95, aubergine tart £2.50) as well as the standard cold meats with their salads, pies, quiche and moussaka, ranging between £2.50 and £3.45. *Gordon's* has the feel of an ancient Oxbridge Junior Common Room – one of beknighted irreverence. Old pictures of the Duke of Windsor and other worthies are dart-holed, and there are newspaper cuttings amongst the mass of memorabilia clustered around the ancient fireplace. *Gordon's* opens pub hours (but closes at 10pm), Mondays to Fridays only. Ten sherries, four Madeiras, two white ports, fine wine from Berry Bros at £9-£15 a bottle are available, besides a 'Specials Board'. And all under the supervision of energetic Alistair Geddes, who has a very pleasing way with him.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

Despite the propaganda of the time the combined Canadian-British raid on Dieppe in August 1942 was basically a disaster. Of an attacking force of 5,000 Canadians, 3,367 were killed captured or wounded. The British suffered a further 800 casualties

DIEPPE!

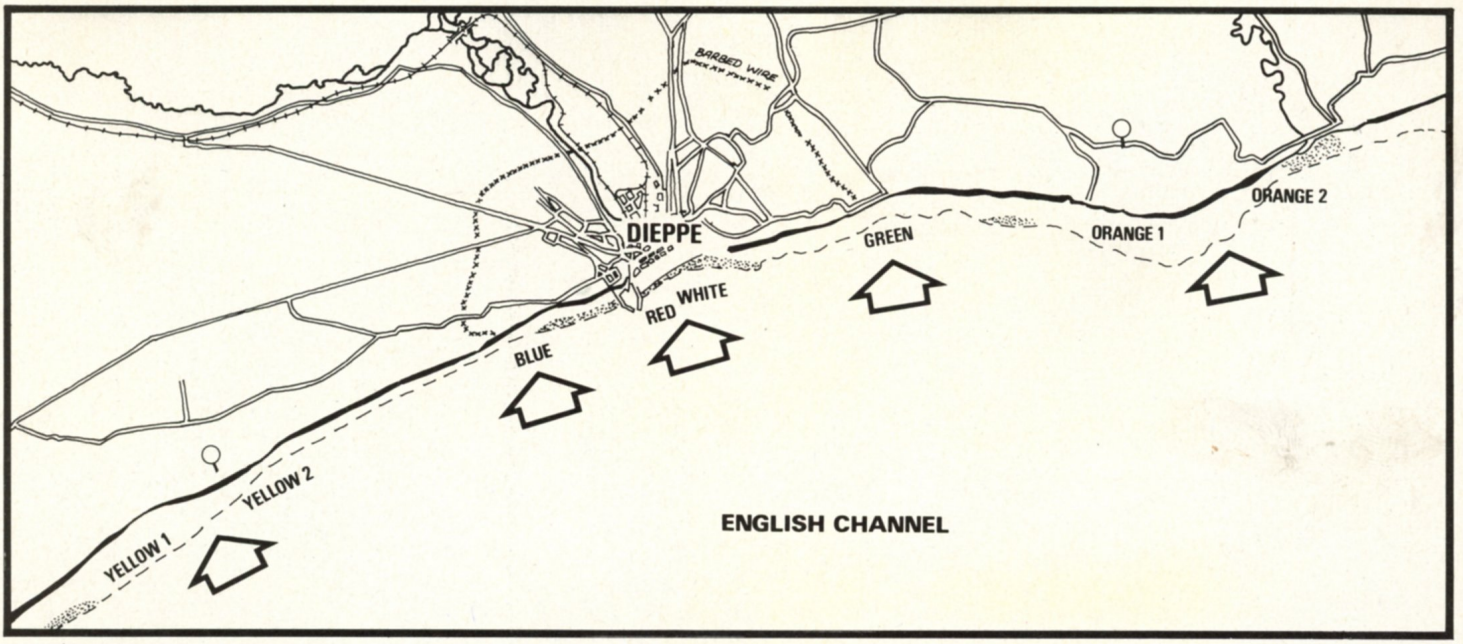
Too big for a raid, too small for an invasion

By Gerald Rawling

It was 0453 hours, August 19, 1942 when Lt-Col the Lord Lovat's No 4 Commando hit the pebbled beaches at Varengeville-sur-Mer and Quiberville. They were three minutes late. The party on the left, led by the second-in-command, Major Mills-Roberts, landed unobserved, hacked their way through the defensive wire, and started scrambling up the steep gullies leading to the cliff top and their gun battery objective. Around two miles further west, Lovat with a

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

CANADA



rather larger body was spotted on the run-in, and his men met mortar and machine-gun fire. There were some casualties, but the commandos flailed their way across the beach, and flattened the wire obstacles by falling on them so that those coming behind could trample across the prostrate bodies of their companions. Once through the wire, their commander, balancing a sporting Winchester repeater in the crook of his arm, and looking as if he was embarking on a rough shoot over the moors, formed them up and set them off at a brisk jog-trot to take the battery from the rear.

Further to the east, Mills-Roberts had got into position unobserved, despite using Bangalore torpedoes to blow up some of the wire impeding his progress. He was well ahead of schedule, and prepared to sit it out until Lovat arrived when the battery opened fire. This had not been bargained for, and since his contacts down on the beach told him that the enemy was firing at Allied shipping in the Channel he decided to act at once. He got some men into the upper floor of a barn where they could actually look down into the gunpit. He had a couple of sharpshooters with him – 'Bisley chaps' as Mills-Roberts described them – and the first the Germans knew of an impending attack was when one of their loading numbers toppled over with a bullet through the brain. After that, return fire became fierce but the commandos got a 2-inch mortar lined up, and started lobbing bombs into the gunpit. The third one landed directly on top of a stack of cordite which exploded in spectacular fashion, killing most of the gunners, and putting the battery out of action. Minutes later, Lovat and the remainder of No 4 Commando came in from the rear with a bayonet charge and the engagement was over.

They scrambled down the gullies to the beach where they found the LCAs waiting to take them off. By 1600 hours they were back in Newhaven, utterly played out, filthy, exhausted, but still entertaining the comfortable feeling that they had achieved what they had set out to do.

The War Office entirely agreed, describing the raid as, 'A classic example of the use of well-trained infantry, thoroughness in training, planning and execution,' and published a special booklet for distribution to other units. As for their leader, Simon Fraser, 24th hereditary Chief of the Clan Fraser of Lovat, he was 'really quite flattered' to learn that the Gestapo had put him on their hit list with a price on his head of 100,000 Deutschmarks, dead or alive.

This may sound like a great British victory, but unfortunately it is not so. The truly splendid achievements of Lovat's No 4 Commando were, in fact, only a minor, peripheral operation in a much larger undertaking, the heroic but tragically wasted effort of the Combined Operations Raid on Dieppe.

Dieppe was a failure – and a failure of monumental proportions – there can be no doubt about that, but there was sufficient reason for the Allies to attempt such a demonstration in the summer of '42. The British badly wanted a morale-boosting effort to offset all the bad news that had recently been piling up.

The Battle of the Atlantic was going badly – 400,000 tons of Allied shipping lost in one week in July – the Far East was in complete disarray with Singapore gone and *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* sunk by Japanese aircraft and, most recently, Tobruk had fallen to the Afrika Corps with 8th Army in full retreat towards Cairo.

It was time for something dramatic like the extremely costly but spectacularly successful raid by Combined Operations on St Nazaire earlier that year. Add to all that the pressure being exerted by new Allies – the Americans and the totally unexpected Russians – both of whom were looking for a 'Second Front' and you have the powerful impetus which pushed Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff into authorising a 'reconnaissance in force', a kind of dress rehearsal for the full-scale invasion which would come later. 'The Duke of Wellington said the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton,' Lord Louis Mountbatten was to say later, and added 'I say that the battle of Normandy was won on the beaches of Dieppe.'

Mountbatten, as Chief of Combined Operations, was heavily involved on the planning side. The Dieppe Raid was the largest, most ambitious and most complex of all one-off commando-type raids in the war. There were eight separate beaches to storm, five points of embarkation and departure (Portsmouth, Southampton, Gosport, Newhaven and Shoreham-by-Sea) and the attacking force was carried in an armada of vessels of varying size and speed. For the Royal Air Force it was to be the biggest daylight operation since the Battle of Britain.

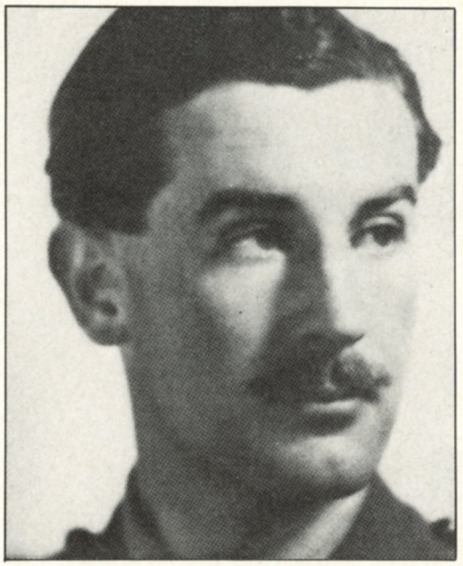
The choice for principal attacking troops fell upon the Canadian 2nd Division.

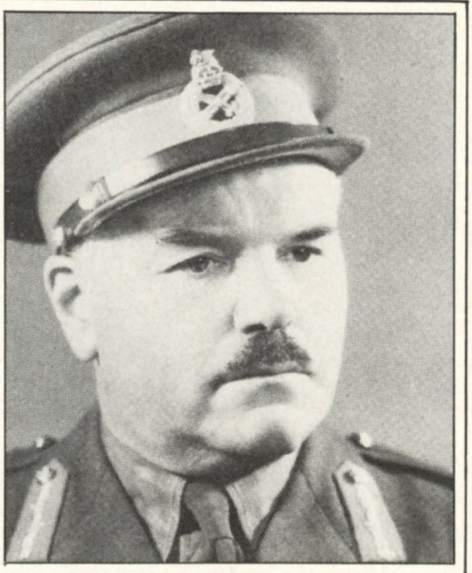
They were 'fresh' troops in the sense that they were unblooded and inexperienced but spoiling for a fight after kicking their heels for 18 months at locations in Sussex and Hampshire. The main assault would be frontal against Red and White Beaches, immediately opposite the town centre, covering the esplanade, the casino and the principal hotels. Two battalions would go in with a tank regiment for follow-up, and a further battalion as a floating reserve.

But Dieppe was overlooked by headlands on both sides where the Germans had defensive gun emplacements with fields of fire to cover any attack on the port. To deal with these enfilading problems, four ancillary attacks were mounted, two to the east – or to the left as you approached it from the sea – and two to the west. Reading from left to right, responsibility for these operations would be No 3 Army Commando to knock out the battery at Berneval from the two Yellow Beaches, the Royal Regiment of Canada on Blue Beach to take the village of Puys which also mounted a battery, the South Saskatchewan Regiment with a follow-up by the Cameron Highlanders of Canada on Green Beach at Pourville, and, out on the extreme right flank, Lovat's No 4 Commando on the two Orange Beaches to take out the Varengeville battery.

After a series of exercises, and at least one 'half start', the go-ahead was given for the unhappily named 'Operation Jubilee' with August 19 as D-Day, and 0450 hours (first light) as H-Hour. Field Marshal Brooke,

turn to page 50





Lt-Col the Lord Lovat (left) and Maj-Gen JH Roberts (right), the Military Force Commander.

Dieppe

continued from page 46

chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and probably the outstanding British soldier of that time, sadly noted that this would provide 'The landing in France for which the uninformed have been clamouring.'

For the extreme flanking attacks by British Army Commandos, Lovat's triumphant No 4 was carried over in a converted cross-Channel packet, *Prince Albert*, which dropped them eight miles offshore in the assault landing craft (LCAs).

No 3 Commando (Lt-Col J Durnford-Slater) crossed the Channel from Newhaven in a different way. They were embarked in small, speedy, but completely unarmoured landing craft called variously Eurekas, R-boats or LCPs (the P was for Personnel).

Durnford-Slater and his Senior Naval Officer took passage in a steam gunboat (SGB 5) and they had two other armed escorts, a motor launch (ML 346) and a flak ship (LCF 1). At 0347, with still an hour to go before touchdown, they had the misfortune to collide in the dark with a small convoy of German merchant vessels. They, too, were escorted, and a sharp exchange of gunfire took place which effectively ruined any element of surprise, at least on the left flank. The senior German escort vessel was a sub-chaser which promptly put SGB 5 out of action although she herself was shortly sunk with all hands by LCF 1 which carried two twin 4-inch guns.

The Eurekas were scattered everywhere, and Durnford-Slater realised that there was no hope of mounting the attack. He transferred to one of the landing craft from the shattered SGB 5, and cruised off in search of the destroyer, *HMS Calpe*, to report his bad news to the Canadian Military Force Commander, Maj-Gen Roberts. To their eternal credit five LCPs got their commandos ashore on Yellow One Beach but none of them got off again – they were either killed or captured.

At Yellow Two one sole Eureka, commanded by Lieutenant Buckee, beached unopposed and Major Peter Young with two officers and 17 men scaled the cliffs armed with a Bren gun, a 2-inch mortar and a few rifles and pistols. Incredibly, they launched an attack on the Berneval battery and, if not actually inflicting many casualties, certainly distracted the German gunners from shooting at the Allied shipping.

The appearance of German reinforcements on bicycles persuaded Major Young to withdraw his tiny force, and he fired white Verey lights as a signal to Buckee for evacuation. Buckee, who had been cruising around off the beach under fire, brought his LCP 15 in, and took every man he had landed off again under sniper fire, the last three men, including Young himself, being towed off the beach at the end of life lines with bullets plopping in the water all round them. As they got further offshore, the Berneval battery whose operations they had so seriously inconvenienced, lobbed off a valedictory salvo at them – happily the nearest shell landed a hundred yards away.

While No 3 Commando had been undergoing these vicissitudes, the Royal Regiment of Canada, embarked in LCAs dropped from landing ships eight miles out, headed for Puys and their Blue Beach.

If the commandos, a few miles to their east, had been unlucky in getting involved in a shooting match an hour too early, the Royal Regiment was doubly unlucky in that an exceptionally efficient German officer, Captain Schnösenberg, was in charge of the Puys defences. He regularly got his entire force out of bed at ungodly hours to stand to on a once a week basis, and it was sheer luck that he had chosen the early morning of August 19 for one of these training exercises. The German gunners were about to stand down when the firing off Berneval started, and consequently the Royal Regiment's LCAs, which were 17 minutes late anyway, cruised in to meet a thoroughly aroused and prepared enemy in broad daylight.

The result was simple carnage. A hail of machine gun-fire and mortar shells from the cliff tops caused severe casualties even before the ramps were lowered to allow the Canadians to get ashore. Once they did so the 250 yards wide and 50 yard deep beach area became a killing ground of horrendous proportions, and the whole battalion was shot to pieces without the slightest hope of scaling the cliffs, and carrying out the ambitious roles assigned to them.

Ross Munro, a Canadian war correspondent, watched this massacre from close quarters in one of the landing craft which was fortunate enough to get away from the beach, and out to sea. Munro was to write later that 'the hand of God' must have been at the helm of his own landing craft which was 'nosed up hard' but came off sweetly enough when they reversed back into deep water. As they left the scene, Ross Munro got a look through the stern sheets and had 'my last look at the grimmest beach of the Dieppe landing. It was khaki-coloured with the bodies of boys from Central Ontario.' On Blue Beach 90 per cent of the Royal Regiment were killed or captured. Most of the survivors never even *saw* a German soldier until they surrendered.

Over on Green Beach about four miles to the westward, and roughly half way between the main assault and No 4 Commando's attack on Varengeville, the South Saskatchewan Regiment had better luck than the Royal Regiment of Canada – at least initially – for they beached dead on time with no opposition. They took their initial objective, Pourville, without much trouble but had no success in moving up to the headland when they began to encounter stiff resistance.

The back-up troops, the Cameron Highlanders of Canada, were subjected to heavy fire on their run in, their Colonel becoming their first casualty, killed as he jumped ashore. After that, total confusion and chaos followed. Neither the South Saskatchewans nor the Camerons could achieve any of their objectives. The survivors scrambled back to the beach-head but the landing craft for evacuation were one hour late coming in. They met heavy fire in their rescue attempt, there were many naval casualties, and few Canadians got away. The rest were killed, wounded or captured.

But if the Yellow Beaches had been a shambles, Blue Beach a massacre and Green Beach a frustrating fiasco, the real tragedy was to come with the frontal assault on Red and White Beaches. At the planning stage there had been much talk about saturation of Dieppe's defences before the raid either from the sea or the air.

Mountbatten approached the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, asking for some heavy support, and the Admiral nearly had apoplexy at the thought of allowing a battleship into Channel waters in daylight where she might come to the attention of the Luftwaffe or a U-boat. What the assault force finally got from the Navy was eight Hunt class destroyers, one sloop and a few small gunboats and flak ships. The biggest gun mounted by any of them had a calibre of 4-inches. It has been described only too accurately as 'a peashooter armada'.

The obvious alternative, a heavy bombing raid by the RAF immediately prior to the attack was frowned on by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, the 'Air' man on the planning team, who thought it might alert the Germans. He was supported by Roberts, the Military Force Commander, on the grounds that bomb damage to buildings may

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Canadian dead, a burning landing craft, and destroyed tanks mark the main assault.

Dieppe

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impede the progress of his tanks. Thus the assault went in with only cannon or machine-gun firing fighters and smoke-laying aircraft.

The main attack was delivered against the mile-long sea-front of the little resort with the Essex Scottish Regiment heading for Red Beach on the left (or eastern) side which included the small harbour; and the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry for White Beach where the Casino was a major objective. Their combined task was to take the entire sea-front with all its hotels and other buildings, and there hold it as a firm base for the Calgary Tank Regiment which would follow up in LCTs with their Churchills.

The Essex Scottish had a relatively peaceful approach, and actually breached the first line of wire, but when they came up against the second wire and the sea wall they were pinpointed by mortar and machine-gun fire with snipers taking a terrible toll. On White Beach, the Royal Hamiltons were decimated on the run in by mortars and shells firing on fixed lines. Once the smoke laid by the RAF cleared there were even heavier casualties as the Germans switched to 'observed' fire.

The right wing was practically wiped out on the approach; the left wing got ashore but was immediately pinned down. Somehow they crawled towards the Casino, and eventually took the place, but it was costly. The German marksmen concentrated on officers and signallers with significant results not only here but over the entire battle zone since contacts between Maj-Gen Roberts on *Calpe* and his troops ashore were always fragmentary and frequently inaccurate. The Royal Hamiltons lost 37 officers during the entire war, ten of them that day.

Behind the infantry, and some 15 minutes late owing to administrative foul-ups came the Calgary Tank Regiment in tank landing craft (LCTs). These vessels each carried three Churchills and a scout car, and they came in under shell fire all the way. One cannot praise too highly the heroic efforts of the naval crews and the Calgary tank men who between them got 29 tanks ashore of which 15 actually made it off the beach and onto the esplanade, the appropriately named Boulevard de Verdun.

Out of the ten LCTs which discharged their tanks on Red and White Beaches, we may follow the adventures of just one, LCT3, although all of them were to have a hard time of it, five being sunk and three very badly damaged. LCT 3 came under heavy fire when still 200 yards out. She was carrying Vickers machine-gunners of the Toronto Scottish as extra fire power on the bridge for the navy, but as a Calgary officer remarked: 'Most of our gunners were quickly knocked out and though their places were immediately taken these too became casualties.'

A Canadian engineer officer recalled later that he glanced across at an 'exceedingly serious-faced young naval lieutenant' when a 'blinding orange flash folded him in a heap', and reckoned that if he was that close to death, and had got away with it he wasn't going to worry. But in the last hundred yards mortar bombs began landing in the vessel, and he decided it was going to be 'a tough ball game'.

At this stage the ramp was lowered half way, ready for beaching, and the over-eager commander of the first tank, thinking they had arrived, charged forward, smashed his way across the ramp and dropped over the bows into the sea. The LCT trundled on in, scraping its way over the submerged turret of the Churchill but with the ramp door now hanging vertically in the water.

Then the mortars scored direct hits on the bridge, killing the captain, and knocking out the engine telegraph system, and all key personnel. A naval lieutenant who was taking passage as Naval Beach Officer for White Beach took charge by shouting down through the engine room hatchway, and managed to get the engines stopped but the craft still had plenty of way on and rammed the beach hard with the ramp door wedged backwards underneath. Despite the fact that the LCT was irrevocably stuck on a fast

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Dieppe

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ebbing tide there was still a ten foot drop for the remaining two tanks but they got ashore safely if somewhat heavily.

By now the beach fronting the Dieppe promenade was just another killing ground, carpeted with the bodies of dead and dying, the shoreline littered with abandoned, burning and wrecked landing craft. Half the tanks that got ashore were disabled on the beach when the German anti-tank gunners hit on the idea of shooting up the tracks; they lurched and staggered like wounded bugs, finally slewing to a halt where they became perfect stationery targets. And the ones that did get off the beach were reduced to the frustrating role of cruising up and down the esplanade, shooting up isolated pillboxes, but unable to get past road blocks into the town because back-up demolition teams who could have opened the way for them never made it across the beach.

Into this appalling scenario, Major-General Roberts now decided to introduce the final actors – his reserves. It was to prove the most disastrous decision of a day.

The reserve battalion, French Canadians of Les Fusiliers Mont Royal, had sailed from Shoreham in 36 Eurekas, and now headed for the beach and their doom, reinforcing failure. They cruised in through a smoke screen, and then emerged into dazzling sunshine 200 yards short of the beach to meet exactly the kind of reception that the LCTs and the Calgary Tanks had endured. The LCTs had at least been armoured but the thin-skinned Eurekas, little more than plywood covered speedboats, were terribly vulnerable, and casualties, even on the approach, were grievous. Those Fusiliers that got ashore only provided further casualties, collapsing among the dead and wounded of earlier assaults. One Fusilier officer said afterwards that an officer of 'another unit' pleaded with him not to open fire on the enemy as 'you will get us all killed.'

Despite all this, Roberts back in HMS *Calpe* still remained sanguine and, having received some garbled message to the effect that White Beach was 'controlled' – and anything more remote from the truth can scarcely be imagined – decided to commit his final reserve, No 40 Royal Marine Commando. Their instructions, over ambitious even with an unopposed landing, were to land on White Beach, go right through the town, skirting it to the south, and then attack the battery on the east headland from the rear. The Royal Marine commander, Lt Col J Picton Phillips took his troops to within sight of the beach where he could see for himself that the assault would be suicidal. He was the one senior officer that day who took the grave decision to abort a futile attack on his own initiative. He stood up conspicuously in the landing craft, wearing white gloves and waved his commando back. The gesture cost him his life as he was mortally wounded but the majority of his men survived the day.

In the meantime, the RAF had been having a heavy day – they flew 2,614 sorties from dawn onwards over, around or in support of

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the Dieppe landings. Most successful of these were smoke-laying operations by Blenheims and Bostons to cover attacking troops. Fighter-bomber attacks by Hurricanes and Spitfires were only useful for boosting Canadian morale, since they achieved very little in the way of inflicting damage on the enemy batteries. The Luftwaffe were slow to arrive on the scene but when they did so they came in strength, and after 0700 the sky over Dieppe was crowded with aircraft of both sides intermingled with the black puff-balls of AA shell bursts.

There is no record of how many German aircraft were shot down by their own side, but it is sad to report that far too many Allied fighters were brought down by trigger happy AA gunners on friendly ships.

The new Mustang fighters had a particularly bad time since they were unfamiliar American-built planes which looked rather similar to Me 109s. But if there was some slender excuse for shooting down Mustangs – and they all carried a yellow band on the wings for recognition purposes – there was none for knocking down five other friendly planes including aircraft as readily identifiable as Spitfires. The German bombers came in droves once the Luftwaffe top echelons were alerted, and every available aircraft was pushed into the air – Ju 88s, He 111s and Do 217s – they even included black-painted night bombers, and reserve training aircraft. Over the beaches and the headlands there was a general free for all in the air on a level such as had not been seen since 1940.

Scores of aircraft were shot down over the battle zone, and ditched pilots or aircrew of both sides were among the many grateful victims boathooked out of the sea by smaller vessels like MLs and Eurekas along with swimming survivors from the various beaches.

The Americans too, had a modest fling on the Dieppe landing, and a few US Rangers went along with the Commandos, but their Air Force sent 24 Flying Fortresses in to attack a German airfield at Abbéville, the nearest operational Luftwaffe base to Dieppe. They had a good raid, putting the airfield out of action for a vital two hours, and knocking out four Fw 190s on the ground. They all got back safely.

Their escorts were four squadrons of Spitfires and they tangled with the German fighters on the way back. One pilot, a Canadian, Pilot Officer Don Morrison, shot down an Fw 190 so close to him that the debris from his victim wrecked his own aircraft, and he baled out to land in the water some 17 miles from Dieppe.

Fellow Spitfire pilots had radioed his position to Air Sea Rescue, and one of their launches picked the Canadian up after 15 minutes, but his subsequent adventures were worse than anything he had suffered in the air. The ASR launch was still cruising around picking up survivors, and repeatedly got shot up by Fw 190s. At one point the Canadian saw two other Rescue Launches attacked and set on fire by enemy fighters. He himself dived overboard to rescue one wounded man, and

A dead Canadian on the beach. The Canadian 2nd Division suffered 3,367 casualties.

they picked up 14 other survivors, most of them very badly wounded, before they headed for home at full throttle.

The Air Sea Rescue service answered 47 'May Day' calls that day, and brought back 14 pilots; they themselves lost three launches, 15 killed and 14 missing.

The Royal Navy was quite as stretched. They had provided all the craft from Coastal Forces – MGBs, SGBs and MLs – along with landing craft of all types where naval personnel carried the army or the commandos in. In addition they pushed out eight Hunt class destroyers for whom it was to prove a frustrating day since smoke shrouded most of the beaches and headlands, obscuring their targets. And forward observation officers with their signallers and radio sets ashore had been eliminated by enemy snipers. They were reduced to blind firing (which was largely a waste of ammunition) and later came to the unrelenting attention of the Luftwaffe, for whom, as the largest ships in the area, they became prime targets.

One of them *HMS Berkeley* was sunk in spectacular fashion when a flight of three Dornier 217s attacked. *Berkeley's* captain ordered 30 degrees of port helm and 'full ahead together' on the engines. The Dorniers were themselves under attack by Spitfires but one of them pressed home the attack, dropping a stick of four bombs. Two were near misses but the other two struck home on the starboard side just for'ard of the bridge, breaking her back. With the wheel hard a'port and the vessel making over 30 knots there were some crazy moments with the ship heeling over so sharply that some members of the crew were hurled into the water but the ship's company was fortunate to come out of it with only 15 killed.

Most of the survivors made a dry crossing to SGB 8 before *Berkeley* sank. They included an American Air Force observer, Lt Col Loren B Hillsinger, who had lost a foot, neatly severed by a bomb splinter. He was wearing a particularly fine pair of hand made boots at the time of which he was inordinately proud, and after applying a rough tourniquet to the stump of his injured leg he angrily wrenched off the other boot and hurled it overboard to join the first which he could still see floating in the water with his foot in it.

It was around 1300 hours when the attacking force finally conceded defeat, and those vessels capable of doing so limped back to Newhaven, Shoreham, Portsmouth, Gosport and Southampton. And it was just about then that entirely unneccessary German reinforcements in the shape of the 10th Panzer Division arrived on the outskirts of Dieppe as the stranded Canadians were forced to swallow the unacceptable idea of surrender.

After that it was time to count the cost, and make the best of it from the Allied point of view. When it came to propaganda the Allies were well up to the standard of Dr Goebbels. British, Canadian and American dailies came out with news of a crushing blow against the enemy. A Toronto newspaper ran a headline saying that 280 German planes were shot down over Dieppe, and Churchill, addressing the House of Commons, assured them that 'Dieppe was an extremely satisfactory air battle which Fighter Command wish they could repeat every week.'

Both statements were fantastic in their inaccuracy, the RAF later admitting that they lost 106 aircraft and 67 pilots while German records show that they lost 48 planes including those destroyed on the ground at Abbéville. And Mountbatten, reporting to the War Cabinet on the satisfactory number of troops brought back, glossed over the fact that the majority of them had never even landed.

The genuine news, of course, leaked out eventually assisted by a jubilant Nazi propaganda machine which gave world coverage to pictures of those dreadful beaches covered with dead Canadians, and wrecked tanks together with a shoreline liberally scattered with derelict landing craft and dead bodies being lapped ashore by unconcerned wavelets in front of the sometime popular resort of Dieppe. In fact, Canadian 2nd Division had been effectively wiped out, and of the 5,000 men they put forward to battle, 3,367 were killed, captured or wounded. There had been nothing worse

for any Canadian formation since the Somme in 1916. A further 800 casualties – killed, wounded and captured – were suffered by the Royal Navy and the Commandos.

It was a sad story and, naturally enough, a scapegoat had to be found. The choice fell on Maj Gen Roberts as Military Force Commander who, while being awarded a DSO, was relieved of his command, and shunted off to a quiet job running a recruitment and replacement centre for the rest of the war. There has been some sympathy for Roberts in this predicament and the official historian of the Canadian Army, Colonel Stacey, remarked that if the Emperor Napoleon himself had been faced with a similar problem, there was not much more that he could have done than Roberts had, but added the sombre rider that Bonaparte would probably have cut his losses and abandoned his troops ashore earlier.

In the end, trying to evaluate what the planners thought they were trying to do in mounting a large-scale operation against a strongly defended objective with a frontal assault in broad daylight and absolutely no heavy support, one may pardon any intelligent observer of today for thinking that the whole undertaking was ill-conceived. The point is neatly underlined by Major Brian McCool of the Royal Regiment of Canada, picked up by the Germans on Blue Beach and interrogated for two days by intelligence officers, one of whom, he says, spoke better English than he did. The final question was posed thus: 'Look McCool, it was too big for a raid and too small for an invasion. What was it?' The major's reply probably reflected the feelings of a great many of the other captives: 'If you can tell *me* the answer I would be very grateful.'

Epilogue – two years and one day later: Order of the day from Field-Marshal Montgomery, commanding 21st Army Group on August 20, 1944 ran partly as follows: 'I am sure the Canadian 2nd Division will attend to Dieppe satisfactorily.' The port was now a target from behind after the Normany landings and break-out with Canadian First Army taking the left flank which included the Channel ports. The attack on Dieppe this time had battleships and heavy bombers in support. For no purpose. The defenders had fled and Dieppe fell to the Allies without a shot being fired against the Royal Regiment, the South Saskatchewans, the Essex Scottish and the Royal Hamiltons.

Ross Munro, still around with the Division as a war correspondent wrote: 'Instead of bullets and blood Dieppe gave the Canadians flowers and wine.'

The final word may be left with *The New York Times* who published an editorial exactly one year after the raid on August 19, 1943. 'Someday there will be two spots on the French coast sacred to the British and their Allies. One will be Dunkirk, where Britain was saved because a beaten army would not surrender. The other will be Dieppe, where brave men died without hope for the sake of proving that there is a wrong way to invade. They will have their share of glory when the right way is tried.'

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COME FLY THE

The Schneider Trophy Race is back. Bi-planes joined modern executive aircraft as 56 pilots raced for a replica of the historic prize. With the breath-taking steep turns and close dices, it provided excitement for pilot and spectator alike

Photographed by Andrew Morland/Described by Clive Harris

In the early days of aviation, flying required a sense of adventure – a desire to take risks. Today with thousands spanning the continents within the comfortable confines of wide-bodied jets, that excitement has been lost. But there are those who enjoy flying as it was: daring, dangerous, and uncomfortable. They are the air racing afficianados. Almost any excuse will bring these pilots and their light aircraft together for a race. On this occasion, it was one of the top events in the air racing calendar. The 1985 Schneider

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13

Trophy Race sponsored by Digital, the computer giants, brings back a name from the past. The original Schneider Trophy race dates from 1912 when Jacques Schneider, the son of a wealthy armaments manufacturer organised a race for seaplanes. It ran successfully until 1931 when Britain won the trophy in perpetuity with a Supermarine S6 – the forerunner of the Spitfire. Digital re-introduced the race last year. All sorts of light aircraft from open cockpit Stampes to modern executive Pipers are eligible. Something of a challenge for the handicappers, but an compulsive one for the owners and pilots of the planes.

The race was to be held around a circular

Large picture top: Last year's winner Paul Moorhead in his Beagle Pup: Above: Paul Shipton's Harvard T6G was fourth this year. Near left: Bob Willies' Cessna 195, and on its left, one of only two Falcos in the UK, owned by Peter Hunter. Far left: Freddie Marsh's Stampe.

course over the Solent for a prize of £2,500 plus, not surprisingly, a computer system, but perhaps more importantly, a replica of the old Schneider Trophy. It was a prize that brought the air racers out in force. Paul Moorhead, last year's winner in a Beagle Pup, was there determined to retain the title, and employing both practical and psychological tactics to outwit his opponents. Before the race he was letting me into one of his little secrets.

'Strictly between ourselves,' he whispered. 'I'm getting the plane polished just before the race by Louise English, one of the girls from

Full page picture right: The Pitts Special piloted with panache by Linton Moss. Above: Originally built as a training aircraft in 1943, Ken Wilson's Canadian Harvard 11B still managed a creditable 16th place. Top left: A view inside the cockpit of the Stolp Acroduster 2 piloted by Bill Hosie. To the right of it: The open passenger door of the Piper Cherokee 140 allows a look at this popular light aircraft. This one was raced by David Clarke. Top: Flying low over the coast, Paul Shipton speeds past photographer Andrew Morland in the Navy Harvard T6G.

The Benny Hill Show.' An element of showmanship never does any harm.

Peter Hunter is the owner and pilot of one of only two Italian Falco planes in the UK, described as the Ferraris of light aircraft. Built at home, it is noisy and cramped, but very fast for a single-engined plane, managing around 185 mph. Peter was determined to do better than his disappointing 33rd in last year's race. 'I'm extremely confident,' he

Above: The view from inside the Falco as Peter Hunter executes a racing turn, pulling around 2½g. Top centre: Mike Searle's Quickie Q2 photographed from Capital Radio's Flying Eye. *Two pictures top right: Top, Donald Johnson's Quickie, and below it, the traditional Schneider shape of Andrew Chadwick's Cassult Speed 1. Right: Gordon Franks' Siai Marchetti.*

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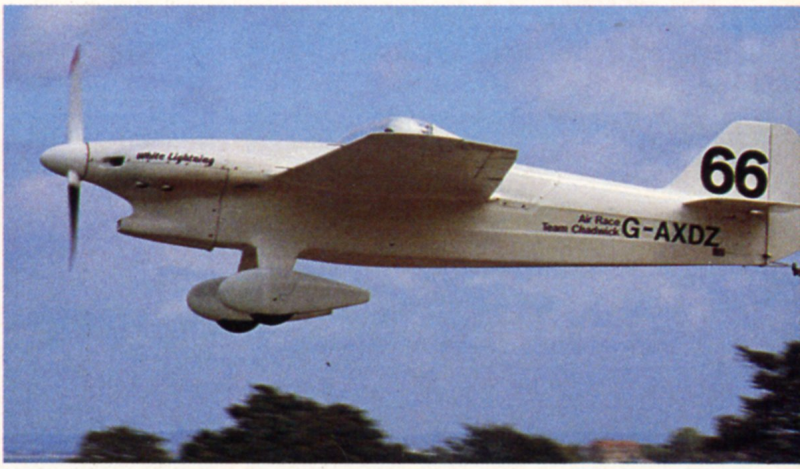
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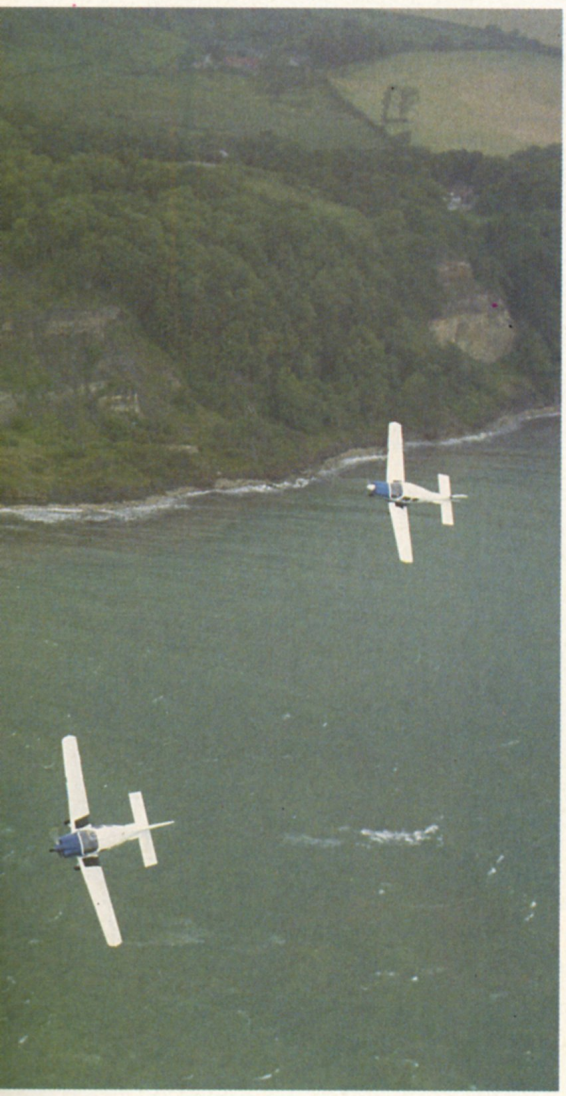

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said with a laugh. He wasn't worried about the other competitiors so much as the handicapping.

Carrie Zetter, heiress to the football pools firm, was one of only four ladies taking part. She is justifiably proud of her plane, a Fuji FA 200-160 with the registration G-KARI, as it is her first, and she's only had it since December. Prior to that she hired planes to race. Her coolness in the air is quite amazing. She has already had one nightmare journey in the plane.

'I had a little incident,' said 27-year-old Carrie quietly, 'I was going to Jersey last week, and suddenly there was a great deal of

Near left: Ken Fehrenback's Beagle Pup takes off, while, on his left, David Williams taxis in his Saab Safir 91D. Far left: This year's Schneider Trophy winner, Nick Snook with the Robin Aiglow. Above him, the Beagle Pups of Paul Moorhead and Terry Hiscock dicing over the coast. Top left: The Glossair Airtourer of Francis Miles. Top centre: David Purley, ex-racing driver turned pilot, finished 22nd in the race. Ten days later he was killed in a stunt flying accident. Top right: Peter Crispe's Cessna 337. Large picture centre: The Grumman AA5 of Slim Macdonnell who took third place behind Nick Snook and Dr Ian Dalziel.

vibration. Fortunately, it wasn't over the Channel. When I put it down I realised that five inches of the propeller had fallen off.'

Being a single-engined plane, this must have been unnerving. Was she scared?

'Only after I'd put it down and realised how serious it was,' she replied, calmly.

But the daredevil spirit is typical of air racers. Freddie Marsh, the oldest entrant at 59, has been racing since 1964, winning the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy twice. In the race, he was flying a bright yellow and red Belgian Stampe bi-plane, made in the 1940's – the only plane in the race with a cockpit open to the elements. He said he preferred it because if he did have to ditch it in the water, at least he could get out quickly.

'Infinitely preferable to one of those old spam cans that are all shut shop,' he added. In 20 years of flying he has had more than one close call.

'I was invited out for a meal near Bury St Edmunds, and as usual was over-confident. I came into land on this foggy evening, overshot the runway, missed a hay rick by inches, and turned the bloody thing upside down in a field.'

Shortly afterwards, when he owned a 'banger factory' making sausages and pies, he made a delivery to a wedding in his own Czech plane.

'I crashed on the Isle of Wight,' he recalled. 'And all around there were sausage and meat pie trees for days.' One minor nose dive in Teeside, he reckoned, made the plane go faster!

But Freddie Marsh hastens to point out that although pilots love talking about their 'incidents', it is a comparatively safe sport.

'In 20 years, I can only remember two fatalities,' he said.

This was comforting news as I had been offered a chance to take a ride in one of the planes to be shown the art of air racing. The pilot was Spencer Flack, owner and pilot of a plane known to London radio listeners as Capital's *Flying Eye*. This twin-engined, six-seater Piper 23 came second in last year's race with Spencer at the controls, and has a top speed of around 190 mph. He decided to show us what the *Flying Eye* could do.

'We'll make a racing turn,' he warned us. This is one of the basic air racing moves, and is the quickest way of changing direction. You simply pick a point on the ground, turn hard, and dive simultaneously. This turns the plane on its side, and your stomach if you are not careful. Warned, we held on tight. For a brief period, we were on our side. The pressure on the head was enormous, and my jaw seemed to be being wrenched out of its sockets. Equally suddenly, we were horizontal again. Proud, at least that my stomach hadn't bailed out, I asked how tight a turn that had been.

'Only 40 degrees,' replied Spencer, carelessly. In an air race, a pilot would stand many more, far longer racing turns. I did however receive one crumb of solace from Peter Hunter.

'The pressure we normally endure in a turn is about 2½g. We were pulling around 3½g this afternoon. We wanted to give you journalists something to remember us by.' Later, full of the dutch courage that Gordons make so well, I had another go. Hunter was right. It's not something I shall forget in a hurry.

Not that I shall be able to afford to fly on my own account, unless I win Carrie's pools. Peter Hunter's Falco would cost £60,000 to buy as a kit, though he was prepared to offer his to me second-hand for a bargain £35,000. A Piper or Cessna (the equivalent of a Cortina, Peter added disparagingly) is around £60,000 ready-built. Add to that petrol at £2.60 a gallon being used at 8½ gallons an hour (12½ gallons when racing) and the best oil at £9 a quart, and costs can easily be £1 a minute. You can rule out sponsorship too. Planes travel too high for effective advertising.

The day of the Schneider Trophy race was drawing nearer, and every competitor was looking for the edge over their rivals. What do they do to prepare the plane for a race?

'Nothing – officially,' said Peter Hunter. 'But apart from being mechanically sound, the leading edge of the wings should be perfect which means lots of man hours of filling, painting and polishing. The under-carriage must be perfect too, so that it fits when it retracts, to eliminate drag.' Then he added for Paul Moorhead's benefit, who was listening to every word. 'I've even been known to put bee's wax into the slots of screws. If nothing else it makes *me* feel better.'

However there is still the handicap to beat.

If an air race handicapper did his job perfectly, all the planes, be they first world war bi-planes or six-seater 1980s models, should come across the finish line together. However, to the competitors, he is the one factor that is out of their control.

'It all depends on the handicappers,' said Paul Moorhead, 'and in this race particularly. There are 56 competitors, some have hardly raced, some are veterans, which is unusual. In fact, it's the first timer who has the best chance. The handicappers don't know so much about him or his plane.'

The handicap, which affects when you start, is based on the speed of the plane and the experience of the pilot.

'Some have been known to underestimate the speed of the airplane for the handicappers' benefit,' said Paul. 'But if they are spotted flying faster, they can be disqualified.'

On the day of the race, the competitors set off over the 142 mile course in good weather. At the end, aviation supplier, Nick Snook, flying with his brother Simon came past the winning post first, in a single-engined Robin R1180T Aiglon. He's been flying for just six year. Second was Dr Ian Dalziel in a 1938 Miles Monach – the only one of 11 built still remaining – and third was TV producer Slim Macdonnell's Grumman Tiger. Freddie Marsh's Stampe managed a very creditable ninth, but Paul Moorhead had to make do with 21st this year. Carrie Zetter was second of the four ladies, behind Anne Carding's Fuji, and 19th overall. There was only one cause for sadness, and that was after the race itself. David Purley, the ex-racing driver, turned pilot finished 22nd, but died just ten days later in a stunt flying accident. Like many of the air racing fraternity, he had often said that he was addicted to danger. One day it caught him up. Purley had joined in the celebrations on the Isle of Wight with the happy winners. Well, most were happy. The 'confident' Peter Hunter was less than jubilant. After crossing the line tenth in a spectacular dice with three other planes, he was 'excluded from results' (the official term for disqualified) for taking a turn too tightly.

'It's a pity, I had a good race, and in that last bend, I didn't know whether I'd even come out alive, it was that close. But there are other races. I'm still quite bullish . . .'

'Honestly, I've never said that to a woman before. It's a line I normally reserve for the managing director.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Age has always been attracted to youth. Once young women and older men seemed to reap the benefits. These days, however, Quest discovers it's just as likely to be the mature woman and the younger man.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow. all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PUBLICAN, redhead, 41 years old, town of origin Ilkeston

This interviewee married at 22, and was divorced four years later. A second marriage at 27 ended in divorce after nine years. She has always worked in the licensed victualling trade, and took over the licence of her second husband's pub after their separation.

Quest: Has your attitude to sex changed over the years?

Publican: Oh completely. I used to be all show and no deeds. Now I'm quite discreet – I just get on with it on the quiet!

Quest: Can you elaborate?

Publican: Well I've always had – from about fourteen anyway – what Gordon, my first husband, called a 'well-stocked top shelf'. Most men regard any woman with big boobs as sexy, and when I was younger I played on that. You know, tight sweaters, lots of cleavage, all that. I had the chat too. I loved all the attention. Gordon always used to say I looked game for anything. But I wasn't like that at all underneath.

Quest: How were you?

Publican: Very unsure of myself, and very inhibited sexually. I'm sure boyfriends I had then'll read this and laugh their socks off. But it's true. It sounds awful but any man'll think you're a raver if you moan in the right places and tell him he's the best thing since Casanova.

Quest: Was there much moaning?

Publican: Before I was married? Oh too much. I was sucking off boyfriends at sixteen. Just before I met Gordon I went through a phase when I found it very difficult to say no to anyone. Not because I was sex-mad. I was just terrified that if I didn't let a boyfriend get his leg over I'd never see him again.

Quest: Did your first marriage help?

Publican: Not really. I always used to think I needed some big strong older man to take care of me, and everything would be alright. Then I'd wonder why we were arguing all the time. It took me years to find out what a strong person I am underneath, and what I really needed. When I look back all my best relationships have been with men who haven't been weaker than me but who've

needed me more than the other way round – younger men, too, usually. I wasted so many opportunities because I didn't understand that about myself.

Quest: Can you think of an example?

Publican: When Gordon and I were breaking up a nephew of his came to stay with us. His name was Barry, he was 18, and he was waiting to go to art school. He was also very good-looking, though he'd obviously been studying too much to realise. I could see he was going to have a great time at college!

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Publican: I just remember thinking I'd probably have snapped him up if I'd been 18 again. But it was a very fraught time. Gordon and I seemed to be either sulking or snarling at each other. Barry was right in the middle – I felt quite embarrassed for him. But then we started talking – at first only because I couldn't get a civil word out of Gordon. And then because I wanted to. For someone who probably hadn't even slept with a woman Barry was enormously sympathetic. A marvellous listener. After a couple of weeks I suddenly realised I was a lot closer to him than I was to my own husband.

Quest: Did you have sex with him?

Publican: I think if he'd been more forceful I would have. There was one night where Gordon was down in the bar – he was a pub manager. I'd taken the night off and Barry was lying down in his room – he'd felt a bit peeky all day. So I took in a bottle of wine to cheer us both up, and we ended up having a kiss and a cuddle on his bed.

Quest: You didn't have intercourse?

Publican: Oh no. He touched my boobs, and I could feel he got hard. But I was making all the running and all the time I was thinking, 'I'm a married woman. My husband's just downstairs' so I wasn't going to let myself go. Of course if Barry had just had me I couldn't have blamed him. But he was as aware of the situation as me, and he left right after that. When Gordon and I finally separated – only a couple of months later – I thought of getting in touch. But Barry was eight years younger than me – I couldn't see him saddling himself with an experienced married woman. He'd want a girl his own age.

Quest: Do you think now you were wrong?

Publican: Yes I do. I think I was being old-fashioned without realising it. Then there seemed something a bit odd to me about a boy in his teens going out with a woman that much older than him. But those were prejudices I'd grown up with. It took me two marriages to work out that if two people like each other and want each other then age isn't important.

Quest: Are you saying society has changed?

Publican: I think attitudes have. I'm no expert and I'm not interested in feminism, but younger men seem a lot more open-minded these days. I still get odd twinges of guilt about going out with a fellow in his early twenties – but *he* doesn't. It's lovely.

Quest: From a physical point of view?

Publican: Oh yes! Middle-aged men like to go out with women in their early twenties because they're gorgeous. So are young men that age! They don't just look nicer and feel nicer – they don't know when to stop!

Quest: You mean in bed?

Publican: Oh yes. I spent the night recently with a boyfriend called Richard who's 22 and we did it *five* times. Three the evening before and twice the next morning. I spent over an hour after we'd finally got up trying to persuade him to put his underpants on so I could get ready to open the pub. I was chasing him around my flat with them in my hand, screaming at him to put them on! Not

> 'I still get the odd twinge of guilt about going out with a fellow so young – but *he* doesn't. It's really nice'

that I really wanted him to, if I'd had any choice. He didn't have a stitch on and he was gorgeous – very hard and chunky, lovely broad chest and a tiny handful-sized bum. I'll get cold shivers if I start on about his whatsit. Talk about, 'Never mind the length, feel the width' – and it was so pink and smooth-looking too. I love them like that! He was striding about with it wobbling in front of him, stiff as a truncheon and twice as hard. 'I can't help it,' he was saying. 'It's got a mind of its own. I can't get it into my pants in this state.' I was saying, 'Oh God, you don't want to do it *again*'. The times I wished I could say that towards the end of my second marriage! In the end I thought I was going to have to tip cold water over him. It was all so obscene it was glorious!

Quest: Did you have intercourse then?

Publican: My pussy was so sore after the previous night and our screw in bed first thing. I couldn't understand how he could get hard again so quickly. But the main problem was that I'd got dressed, and I just didn't have the time for another romp in bed. So I told him to come here and stand still, then I knelt down in front of him, took hold of his cock and began stroking him. One hand smoothing his foreskin up and down, the other fondling his balls and sliding my finger up and down that lovely little crease where they join together. I could feel his whole body tense up.

Quest: Weren't you afraid he'd ejaculate over you?

Publican: Oh I was quite confident I could catch him in my mouth in time, and I didn't really expect him to manage all that much. What I didn't count on was him being so wilful.

Quest: In what way?

Publican: He was breathing heavily and giving little twitches in my hands. I was actually bending down to suck him, when he snapped, 'It's no good – I want to feel you properly.' Before I knew what was happening he was grabbing my arm, pulling me down onto the carpet with him. He had my skirt up – he was pawing my knickers down. I was asking what the hell he was playing at – not that I did that much to stop him! Then he grabbed my legs, lifted them up so high I couldn't have moved if I'd wanted to and just dived on top of me. His cock slid straight into my pussy. Then he humped me, very hard and fast.

Quest: Satisfyingly?

Publican: Oh yes! He came quite quickly but we both did. There's something really good about doing it because you have to, even if you are sore. I'm sure I'm a secret masochist. After that even he'd had enough, and I spent most of the day creeping about bow-legged.

Quest: Does this happen often?

Publican: Not as often as I'd like. Richard, admittedly, is the youngest I've had for a while. We got chatting in the pub and I asked him to stay on after closing and help me tidy up. Everything happened from there. I've two other boyfriends I see more regularly – one's 27 and the other's 34. They're both nice, but they tend to be a lit less frantic than Richard was. I'm not sure if I could cope with a Richard all the time!

Quest: Do you expect to see him again?

Publican: He said he'd been in, but I'm not pinning my hopes on it. I'm afraid I'm beyond the point when a good time in bed automatically means hearts and flowers. I've got into too much trouble like that before. And besides there are new fellows in the pub every night – we're very popular with the local young crowd. Not, I hasten to add, because of my after-hours activities. It might not sound like it but I'm very careful about that. I've my licence to protect. On the other hand I've an awful lot of lost time to make up!

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

LECTURER, 30 years old, town of origin Dartmouth

This— male— interviewee studied science at university, and now teaches at a Midlands polytechnic. He shares a house with his girlfriend.

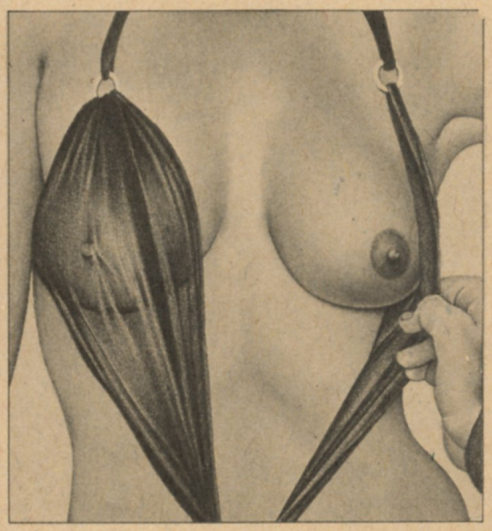
Quest: Your present girlfriend is nearly ten years older than you. Have you ever found that a problem?

Lecturer: I'm sure some people suspect I'm looking for some long-lost mother figure. But all that matters to me is I get on better with Muriel than any other women I've ever known.

Quest: Does that include sexually?

Lecturer: Absolutely. She's a very sexy lady.

Quest: Do you actually prefer older women?



Lecturer: If I had to make a choice I'd probably say yes. Relationships with older women tend to be less agonised. Most girls in their late teens, early twenties are fairly unsure of themselves, especially where sex is concerned. Older women have usually got over all that. They know what they want and they'll let you know. And I think that's easier for them these days anyway.

Quest: What do you mean?

Lecturer: Well, the traditional way for a young man to lose his cherry was to get seduced by an older woman, thrunge her mightily for a while, then settle down with a girl his own age or younger. Which always struck me as tough on the woman. Everyone assumed she was hard-up or just out for a cheap thrill. Now I think there's much less stigma attached to a man going out with an older woman. To *my* generation, at least. My parents think its appalling, but that's just a pity.

Quest: Are you saying you were first seduced by an older woman?

Lecturer: I wish I had been! But one of the first sexual experiences I had was with one.

Quest: Go on.

Lecturer: I must have been about sixteen, certainly still at school. My mother had a friend who lived near us, a woman of about thirty-five, I suppose. But attractive in a slightly blousey way. One day I was supposed to be meeting my mother at the woman's house after school. But when I arrived my mother hadn't turned up yet. So Vera – I honestly can't remember her real name – invited me in, and gave me a cup of tea, which was embarrassing.

Quest: Why?

Lecturer: Because all even vaguely attractive women embarrassed me then – mainly because I could never stop thinking about them, or about sex. Just thinking about an erection could give me one. But I managed to keep myself well under control until she decided she couldn't wait around any longer because she was going out. She went for her coat while I finished my tea at the kitchen table. But as she passed me she snagged her tights on something, swore, and found a new pair in a drawer. Then she looked at me, and I suddenly realised she was deciding whether or not to go and change her tights in private or save time by doing it there and then. She obviously decided I was safe because she said, 'Excuse me, love. You'll look the other way if you're a gentleman.' Then she turned away and began lifting her skirt and pulling down her tight.

Quest: Presumably you looked?

Lecturer: Surreptitiously, yes. And it had a predictable effect – she had very good legs, and I got a glimpse of knickers. But it was worse than just an involuntary stiffie. It was the real, heart-thumping, oh-my-God-got-to-shoot-off-or-I'll-die, which was obviously impossible. But because the table was in front of me I could give myself a quiet rub on the sly, which made it doubly naughty. But of course it wasn't on the sly. I hadn't noticed a small framed mirror on an old range next to the table. It gave Vera a very clear view of everything going on under the table. She suddenly said, 'Having a good time, are you?'

Quest: She'd seen?

Lecturer: I nearly fainted. I must have gone blood red. But Vera just went on smoothing her new tights up her legs. And to my amazement she said, 'Oh don't stop on my account. It's nice to know I can still turn someone on.' Then she gave me what I can only call the first adult look I'd ever had – from a woman to a man – and she said, 'You're more grown up than you look, aren't you?

Quest: Did you go on masturbating?

Lecturer: At home, later, I didn't stop for a week. But at that moment I virtually bolted

> 'She reminded me she was nearly 40, and had a grown-up daughter. I said things like that no longer mattered'

in terror, and probably postponed losing my cherry for four years. Or perhaps not. But the idea that women actually knew about young lads playing with themselves, and might even welcome it – my God! That was universe-shattering stuff.

Quest: Were you looking for an older woman when you met your present girl-friend?

Lecturer: The opposite. I was actually going out with her daughter, Nathalie, who was just twenty then. That was an object lesson in the problems of young women.

Quest: You had difficulties with her?

Lecturer: That's putting it mildly. Nathalie was – is – gorgeous; what I'd call a naturally glamorous girl. Very blonde, pretty face, *very* lush body – good 36C boobs. She was the girl you looked at first in any class, which is where I first met her.

Quest: Was that a problem?

Lecturer: Jumping on students is not a good idea – you get thumped by the student union and the administration. The whole sexual harassment, abuse of authority thing – it's not worth the aggro. But Nathalie didn't see it that way, or rather she decided to show what little difference it made to her.

Quest: You mean she seduced you?

Lecturer: I honestly think she decided she wanted to go to bed with an older man and there was more prestige in making it a lecturer. I just happened to fit the age range. So I got the works – right from long meaningful conversations after class to requests for extra help at home.

Quest: And you responded?

Lecturer: Not until she'd left my class. She mentioned some pub she always had Sunday lunch in with friends – or so she claimed, friends. So I popped by there the following Sunday. And she turned up – on her own.

Quest: She'd arranged the meeting?

Lecturer: Oh yes. The pub was a good distance from the poly – no chance of being spotted, and she was dressed up to the nines. So was I! It was all a bit adolescent. I bought her lunch, then we went for a drive and I took her to dinner.

Quest: Did you have sex?

Lecturer: We kissed in the car outside Muriel's house. That was when I found out Nathalie was still living with her mother. She apologised for not being able to invite me in for what she called a 'proper nightcap'. Then she said she'd give me something to remember her by instead. I thought I'd done pretty well for a first date with a passionate kiss and one hand on her boob. But she smiled and slipped her hand down into my lap, where I already had a fair-sized stiffie, and she began stroking me through my trousers, still smiling at me very sexily. Half a minute of that and I was on fire. I reached up to stroke her boob again, but she pushed my hand aside, and suddenly ducked her head into my lap. The next thing I knew my zip was purring down and there was cool air on my cock, and warm fingers curling round it. Then a warm, wet tongue flickering round the edge of my tip, teasing my gland. Then her mouth closing completely round the whole of my knob – just long enough for me to feel it. And then back to the flickering tongue.

Quest: She sounds expert.

Lecturer: She was superb, and she knew it. I thought I'd found an absolute dream woman, especially when I felt my come rising and tried to pull back. Nathalie just shook her head, tightened her grip on my shaft and murmured, 'No – in my mouth – do it in my mouth.' So I let fly. Then, while I slumped back, she pecked me on the cheek, gave me a cheeky grin, and left me with my cock hanging out my fly. Luckily it was dark. But that was Nathalie all over. Devastate a man, get him eating out of her hand then exit with a smile.

Quest: You mean she was a tease?

Lecturer: Sex was a game to her, and she had to be in charge – and most fellows were only too happy to go along. I was. It was a month before I had full sex with her, but every time we went out she'd suck me off beautifully. It was a real effort to persuade her to spend the night at my flat. And yet the moment she seemed to realise I wasn't going to take no for an answer she changed completely and absolutely screwed my balls off. We had a week when we hardly got out of bed. Then for no apparent reason she was lukewarm again. I never knew where I was. And it was worse because I was smitten by then. That's how I got to know Muriel.

Quest: How?

Lecturer: We started to spend more and

more time at Nathalie's house – mainly, I suspect, because that made sex almost impossible. In the end I spent more time talking to Muriel than her daughter.

Quest: About what?

Lecturer: Nathalie, mostly. Muriel's problems with her – Muriel was divorced. They didn't get on.

Quest: Did you find Muriel attractive?

Lecturer: Oh yes. I could see where Nathalie got her looks. It was odd in a way. I saw her more as a friend or a flatmate than Nathalie's mother. She was only 36 after all – she hardly looked 30. But I didn't really get to know her until one evening when Nathalie just didn't turn up for a date. I'd been planning this big romantic dinner at an expensive restaurant – the idea was to make Nathalie realise she was crazy about me. But when I got to Muriel's she told me Nathalie had phoned to say she'd met an old friend and might not even be back that night. It pissed me off. So I told Muriel to dress up, I wasn't going to miss the booking.

Quest: She went to dinner with you?

Lecturer: It was a bit awkward at first. I thought Muriel was worried about upsetting Nathalie. But then she said, 'I feel a little as if I'm cradle-snatching.' So I said, 'I wouldn't worry. I feel like that all the time with Nathalie.' And we both laughed and the ice was broken. That's when she first really told me about herself – how she hadn't been out with anyone for ages because all the men her own age seemed to be married. When I said she should try someone younger she laughed and said I didn't understand – she was getting on for 40, she had a grown-up daughter. So I told her she was crazy – she was lovely – things like that didn't matter any more.

Quest: Were you setting out to seduce her?

Lecturer: Not in the deliberate way I had with Nathalie. I did think she might be nice to go to bed with. But I didn't push it. It happened naturally. Back home I went in for a coffee – still no Nathalie – and it became obvious something could happen. I think Muriel was scared I might just be getting my own back on her daughter. Then I kissed her and said I'd like to stay. I really felt she wanted me to. She didn't say anything so I kissed her again, and stroked her breasts. Then I started to unzip her dress. And she was almost still until I unclipped her bra, and she just exploded, kissing and gasping and then pulling me upstairs to the bedroom. I don't think she even got her dress off completely before we were doing it on the bed. It was fantastic.

Quest: Better than Nathalie?

Lecturer: Yes – really. With Nathalie I'd felt like a specimen for her erotic experiments, but Muriel just gave herself completely, nothing held back. We both came, which had very rarely happened with Nathalie. Afterwards she just lay there, stroking me, saying she'd never thought she'd feel such beautiful young fiesh against her again. It was a great salve to her ego. We've been together ever since.

Quest: And what about Nathalie?

Lecturer: It was a bit sticky at first, but secretly I think she's quite pleased about it. She's living with a boyfriend now. We keep a sort of friendly distance.

Quest: Thank you very much.

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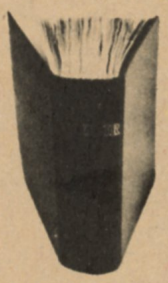

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INTERVIEW - 3

SOLICITOR, blonde, 37 years old, town of origin Buxton

This interviewee took articles after leaving school, and now works in a large partnership. She lives alone in her own flat.

Quest: Have you always had relationships with men younger than yourself?

Solicitor: Never before I was 34.

Quest: Why?

Solicitor: It seemed the natural thing for a boyfriend to be older – more mature, someone to look up to. The trouble is, as you get into your thirties, available older men tend to get scarce.

Quest: So you turned to younger men?

Solicitor: Not at first. I could see how attractive some of them were, of course. But I couldn't see myself competing with some stunning 18-year-old. It's alright for a man my age to be seen with some gorgeous nymphet. It's not the same for a woman. That's what I used to think, anyway. I don't any more.

Quest: What caused the change?

Solicitor: A combination of things, ending up with my meeting Willy. Doesn't that name sound awful in this context? But it started with Norman, who was my last 'appropriate' boyfriend. He was 46. He was also married.

Quest: What happened?

Solicitor: Norman was employed by a client we were doing a lot of work for and I was seeing him every day for weeks. We fancied each other from the beginning, but I deliberately kept things just friendly, though he always claimed I seduced him.

Quest: Why?

Solicitor: Because of what happened at the end of the job. We'd been to another solicitor's to OK the final contract, and we'd always planned to have a slap-up celebratory lunch when it was all over. But, driving back to my office, we passed by my flat, so I suggested we went there instead, and I made lunch. I suppose it must have seemed an open invitation to him. But I honestly think I felt safe about it because I'd decided I'd never go to bed with him.

Quest: But Norman hadn't?

Solicitor: Obviously not. We got in and had a drink while the oven warmed. Then I excused myself, and went into the bedroom to look for something I'd forgotten that morning. Looking back, I can understand Norman's view exactly – it's painful. The

> 'It was wonderful feeling that young body against me – and I couldn't believe how long it was lasting'

next thing I knew Norman was standing behind me while I stood at the dressing table. I turned to look at him and suddenly we were into this passionate clinch.

Quest: Did he make love to you?

Solicitor: He did better than that – he ravished me. He started by fumbling open my blouse buttons as we kissed, and feeling my breasts. Then I felt his hand come up under my skirt, and grip the top of my knickers and start to pull them down. That made me fall against him – which made it very obvious, incidentally, that he was already very stiff inside his trousers. Then we lost our balance and sort of tumbled onto the edge of my bed. I seemed to end up half on my side with Norman next to me. It felt almost funny – I thought Norman was panting with laughter, but he wasn't – he was panting after me! He suddenly grabbed my waist, and rolled me onto my tummy so that my bottom was sticking up over the edge of the bed, and he just yanked my skirt up, took hold of my pants, and jerked them down.

Quest: Were you alarmed?

Solicitor: I *was* quite frightened – I'd never seen Norman so worked up before. I didn't think he was a maniac, but he was still a man and he'd just exposed me completely. Though, if I'm honest, that was a turn-on too. It snatched my breath away and I was obviously ready for him.

Quest: Ready for intercourse?

Solicitor: I felt something against my bottom, sliding down into my crack and right up against me. I thought he was just touching me up. Then it butted between my lips, and I realised what it was, and my heart started thundering. He probed me with the tip of his erection just long enough to find

out how wet I was and then he slid straight into me, very very deep. He felt absolutely gigantic. Then he was doing me, gripping my hips, pumping in and out of my pussy very energetically. At the end he was practically screaming, 'Take it! Take it!' and giving this really fierce deep jerk as he shot off into me.

Quest: Did he satisfy you?

Solicitor: Oh, yes, then – gloriously. It had been ages since I'd got anyone that excited. I just wish it could have lasted.

Quest: Why didn't it?

Solicitor: If it had always been like that it would. But usually we weren't in the mood for explosive 'quickies' and Norman always seemed to be as quick. I don't mean he *couldn't* hold back – he just didn't want to. A screw was something you did for ten minutes before you went to sleep – that was obviously the habit he'd got into. I wanted to be caressed and fondled and – satisfied if I didn't happen to climax when he did.

Quest: Did you tell him?

Solicitor: When I tried Norman thought I was just getting at him, and we ended up arguing, so I stopped. I think Norman's problem was one a lot of men have after they've been married a long time – they tend to treat girlfriends the same way they do their wives. Which is perfectly understandable when you think about it – but it's very hard on the girlfriends. For instance Norman got terribly jealous about what I did when we didn't see each other – at one point he even wanted me to give up work, and be a kind of second-string wife. It was crazy.

Quest: But Willy was different?

Solicitor: Oh completely. Perhaps I've just been unlucky with men, but I think there's a real difference between the generations in attitudes to women, and to sex. Willy wasn't just nicer in bed – he expected me to get on with my own life.

Quest: How did you meet?

Solicitor: At a squash club I belong to. We used to play together.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Solicitor: He looked marvellous in singlet and shorts! But he was nine years younger than me and obviously popular with the younger women in the club, so I kept my thoughts to myself. We always got on very well, but I never dreamed he fancied me.

Quest: What woke you up to it?

Solicitor: We were both in a tournament a few miles away one Saturday and Willy gave me and two others a lift over there. I was meeting a girlfriend right afterwards and I brought my glad rags along to change into as soon as I'd played. But I got stuck in a really long, hard game, which made me terribly late. By the time I'd finished the women's showers had decided to stop working properly when I really needed a shower. Just as I was despairing Willy rescued me by offering to run me home, which I thought was marvellous because the others were settling down for the evening in the bar. Then, on the way, he found out I was supposed to be meeting my friend in the town centre, and suggested that instead of going all the way across town to my flat I borrow the shower at his.

Quest: Did you regard that as a pass?

Solicitor: No. In fact I remember thinking as

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M209

I undressed in Willy's bedroom – the shower room was just off it – this was about the nearest I'd ever get to his bed!

Quest: Where was he?

Solicitor: Making coffee in the kitchen. Or so I thought. I was in the shower with the curtain pulled across when the bathroom door opened and Willy came in and started bustling about. I just froze. There was a loo in the corner but I couldn't believe he'd use it then! Finally I called out through the curtain, 'Did you forget something?' 'Oh yes,' said Willy. 'The soap. Do you have it?' And he pulled the curtain open.

Quest: How did you react?

Solicitor: I nearly died. I wouldn't call myself prudish and I've always looked after my figure – I've seen girls half my age with worse bodies in the squash club showers. But that doesn't mean I don't care what I show off. Willy just glanced at me as if seeing me nude was the most normal thing in the world. Then he leaned forward and picked the soap off the small ledge next to me. That's when I noticed his chest was bare and he only had a towel wrapped round his waist. I'd hardly got over that before he whipped the towel away, gave me a swift grin, and slipped into the shower behind me. The next thing I knew he was sopaing my back.

Quest: With your consent?

Solicitor: I was so flabbergasted my stomach was doing flip-flops. So were my emotions. It was a tiny shower, and Willy was practically squeezed up against me. I found myself saying something totally feeble like, 'Look, this is awfully nice of you, but I think I can manage – ' Then I felt him.

Quest: Felt what exactly?

Solicitor: I'll give you one guess. Even with all the water splashing over us he was very hot – and *very* hard – against my buttock. If *he* was playing some stupid kind of joke on me his body certainly wasn't. He started to slow down the soaping, and I twisted round very carefully. He was gazing down at me, his hair all streaked by the water, as if he couldn't believe what was happening either. Then he grinned and said, 'I never thought I'd get up the courage to do this.' I blinked at him. *He* needed courage to make a pass at me! Then his gaze dropped down my body, and he swallowed, and said, 'I always knew you'd have beautiful breasts.' Since I'm fairly small-boobed, and very conscious of it, it was exactly the right thing to say! So I looked down too and Willy's *thing* was sticking up between us, a thick, red, round-ended erection, leaning out against the side of my little gingery pubic mound. I couldn't help grinning and saying, 'And I always knew you'd be as big as that.' We both laughed.

Quest: Did you make love?

Solicitor: I think I'd have died if we hadn't! Very slowly Willy brought his arms up and then we were kissing and his lovely smooth chest was against my breasts, and his erection was pushing hard against my tummy and it was just so marvellous to feel our bare skin touching. It was all like a glorious dream. I wondered for a moment if we were going to do it standing up like that in the shower but there just wasn't the room. So Willy led me out into the bedroom, and drew me down onto the bed, and we started.

Quest: Did intercourse take place immediately?

Solicitor: Oh no. It was all very gradual and gentle at first – he stroked my breasts, then kissed them and licked them and made my nipples stand up. Then he stroked down between my legs and caressed me there, and explored my pussy while I got more and more excited. I can't describe what feeling such a young, hard body against mine was like, and I'd been so used to Norman I couldn't believe how long it was lasting. Then very gently he moved between my legs and eased his penis between my lips, and slid right in and this beautiful young man began to have me. It was such an incredible emotional high I never even thought about the purely sexual side – all I wanted was to feel him. But then he stopped and looked down at me. I thought I'd done something dreadfully wrong. He said, ' thought you were about to come – that's why I started humping – but you're not ready, are you?' I felt awful. I said, 'Don't be silly – don't worry about me – just do it – I want you to – '

Quest: Did he?

Solicitor: No! He said, 'What do you think I am? We're both meant to enjoy this.' And then he started again – but in the most incredible way. I'm still not sure exactly what he did. He went on humping me but very slowly, easing almost the whole length of his penis in and out of me. At the same time he stroked my clitoris so that it was getting pressure from above as well as below. Then he still managed to reach up and squeeze one of my nipples. I was getting gorgeous feelings from everywhere! And as my excitement built up so did his thrusting, until he was almost lifting me off the mattress with each stroke. But he waited until I was actually coming before pushing really deep and spurting.

Quest: And you repeated it?

Solicitor: Just as soon as I could! But the most astonishing thing to me was that he wanted a proper relationship. He insisted that he'd never got on so well with women his own age, and even in bed younger women tended to have a lot more hang-ups. And the biggest irony is that the girlfriend I was supposed to be seeing that evening – and of course didn't – is now going out with a man ten years younger than she is – only she's terrified of telling him her real age!

Quest: Thank you very much.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

It was the night of the Farmers Union AGM, and Edward couldn't find his cufflinks anywhere. In desperation, the young farmer looked in the top drawer of his wife's dressing table. He didn't find his cufflinks but what he did see stopped him in his tracks. In an envelope were three dried peas and £24 in cash. The farmer was mystified, and took the peas and the money down to his wife.
'What are these for?' he demanded.
'Oh,' said his wife somewhat taken aback by her husband's discovery, 'they're dried peas.'
'I know that,' replied the farmer, 'but what are they for ?'
His wife looked at him a little sheepishly.
'Well,' she said eventually, 'over the years, I haven't been totally faithful to you. And when I have been with another man, I put a pea in the drawer to remind me of how wrong it was of me.'
Putting his arms around her, Edward smiled, and admitted that he had had lapses as well, and was prepared to forgive and forget if she was. They kissed, and then Edward went upstairs to continue his search for his elusive cufflinks. But as he reached the top, he remembered the money.
'Oh darling?' he shouted from the stairs.
'The £24. Where did that come from?'
'Oh that,' replied his wife sweetly. 'Well, when peas reached £8 a 20lb net, I sold them.'

In Brighton she was Bridget.
She was Patsy up in Perth.
In Cambridge she was Clarissa,
The grandest girl on Earth.
In Stafford she was Stella,
The best of all the bunch.
But down on his expense account
She was petrol, oil and lunch.

An old man of 75 married a young girl 50 years his junior, and realising that sex might be a problem, went to his doctor.
'Can you give me something to help me satisfy my new wife?' he asked.
'Certainly,' replied the doctor. 'You can try these pills. Now you take them every alternate day . . .'
The old man looked baffled.
'You take them every *other* day,' the doctor explained. 'Say on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and skip Tuesday and Thursday, do you understand?'
'Yes, I do, doctor,' replied the old man. 'Take one, skip a day, take one, skip a day.'
'That's right,' said the doctor. 'And then you should have no worries.'
A week later, the doctor thought it would be a good idea to look in on the couple, and see how they were getting on. So he drove around, and knocked on the door. It was answered by a very attractive blonde.
'Ah, you must be Mrs James,' said the doctor. 'Can I see your husband?'
'I'm afraid not,' replied the wife. 'You see he died on Thursday morning.'
'Oh, I am sorry,' said the doctor. 'Did the strain of satisfying a young wife prove too much?'
'Oh no,' replied the wife bitterly. 'The sex was fine. It was all that bloody skipping that wore him out.'

'Dad, what's that?' asked the inquisitive boy pointing at his father's parts.
'It's my hedgehog,' replied the embarrassed father.
'Really,' said the boy. 'It's got a big cock hasn't it ?'

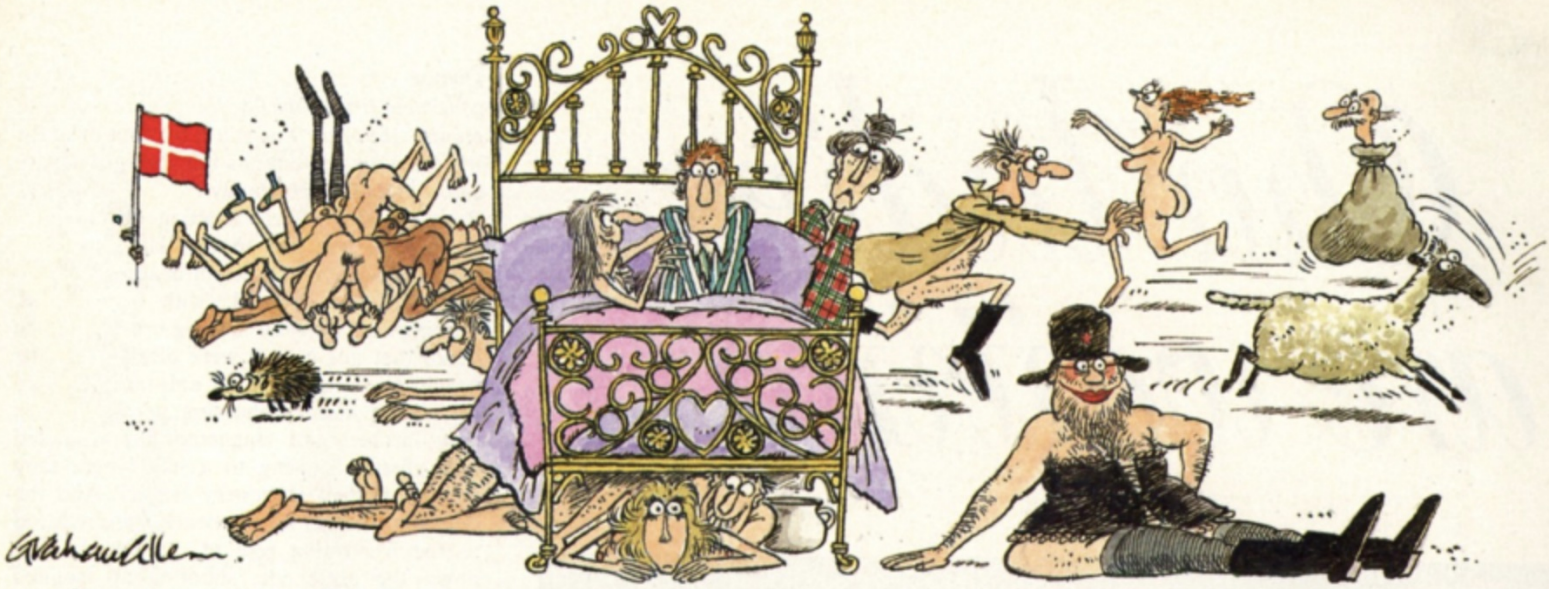
The handsome young gunslinger lent on the bar of the Sleazy Rider Saloon. The sheriff had told him he had just 24 hours to get out of Dodge City. Belle, the barroom chanteuse, came over to him.
'Hi, Belle,' he said. 'This face is leaving town tomorrow. Be on it.'

A recent survey into the readership of newspapers came up with the following results.
The Times is read by the people who run the country.
The Mirror is read by the people who think they run the country.
The Guardian is read by the people who think they ought to run the country.
The *Daily Mail* is read by the wives of the people who run the country.
The *Financial Times* is read by the people who own the country.
The *Daily Express* is read by the people who think that the country should be run as it used to be.
The *Daily Telegraph* is read by the people who believe that it still is.
The Sun is read by the people who don't care who runs the country as long as she's got big tits.

Note pinned on an office door:
'Gone out. Back soon. Signed Godot.'

A thrifty old man named McEwen
Enquired, 'Why bother with screwing?
It's safer and neater
To finger your peter,
And besides you can see what you're doing.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



You can have it with your granny, but leave the dog alone

If you are thinking of a threesome or sex in the High Street, it's best to know the law. What is legal for the adventurous couple?

By Jenny Ward

The only legitimate sexual licence adults can have today, in this supposedly permissible society, is still a marriage licence, since marriage is the only legal contract anyone can make to have sex. This means that an employment contract, say, between a brothel keeper and her girls would be considered invalid and unenforceable in law.*

So, to engage in strictly legal sex, the conscientious citizen must marry. But before doing so, a person must decide to which sex he or she belongs, as marriage is only allowed, in its quaint old fashioned way, between members of the opposite sex. April Ashley, the sex-change model famous in the sixties, was not permitted to marry a man after his operation, notwithstanding her new found ability to consummate such a union, as the law decided she remained legally a he.*

The reasoning behind this goes back to the days when sex was considered as a necessary duty for procreation rather than for recreation. Traditional sexual morality forwned upon any form of sex such as prostitution and homosexuality which would divert men and women away from family duties.

However, for those of us willing to engage in not-so-strictly legal sex there are fortunately some areas of non-interference by the law where relationships may flourish. For example, a man may take his grandmother to bed in England without fear of transgressing the laws of incest; though not, as it happens, in Scotland, where the law tends to be more puritanical.

The laws relating to sexual licence presuppose that the participants have reached the age of consent stipulated in their particular society. Under 16 in Britain a girl is not deemed to be able to consent to *any* sexual activity. For a young man the age of consent is split. He is allowed to engage in sexual activity with a girl providing he is also 16, or with another consenting male providing they are both 21 (subject to very strict restrictions as to privacy). The age of consent for heterosexual activity is likewise 16 in West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and the Netherlands, and is 15 in France and Denmark*. Homosexuality between adult males in private is generally accepted on the continent** but is totally banned in the USSR, Cyprus, Romania, Eire, Scotland, N Ireland and in the British Armed Services.

The difference in ages of consent for heterosexual and homosexual men causes a great deal of controversy. Consensual homosexual activity between women, unless one of them is under age, is not considered by the law as an offence, as gay rights movements are quick to point out.

One reason for this is that the predominantly male legislature has always treated women as passive partners in sexual activity – recipients rather than participants. To recognise active female sexuality might be too much for the sensibilities of the middle-class middle-aged law makers, who see women as stereotypical objects to be 'screwed', 'assaulted' or 'raped'. That this is so is further indicated by the fact that once she is married a woman is unable legally to withdraw her consent to lawful sex with her husband unless she is separated or has a divorce pending *no matter how inappropriate the time or place may be**. However, if in public, the husband may be liable to a charge of Indecent Exposure, at the very least. One must be thankful for small mercies in a legal system which lags so desperately behind the changing moral climate.

On the other hand, although in an equitable legal system the same conditions must apply to a husband in principle, if he refuses his wife then he always has a feeble excuse that will stand up in a court of law.

Not every variety of sexual behaviour between consenting adults in private is lawful. Though the unimaginative will be pleased to learn that the missionary position at home with a spouse is permitted everywhere*. The more imaginative should beware, however, as threesomes, foursomes and orgies may fall foul of the Sexual Offences Act 1967 which considers that male homosexual acts with a third party present are not 'in private' for the purposes of the Act, and are therefore unlawful. So a woman taking on two men must be quite sure she has their undivided attention, whereas a man and two women together (or more) can be as artistic as their fancy takes them ... *providing* that there is no heterosexual anal intercourse, which even now in Britain can carry a penalty of life imprisonment. Despite the fact that this is no longer a crime for consenting males in private a man can be jailed for buggering his wife even if she consents. The same applies to having sex with animals, who don't get the opportunity to consent or not. The last conviction for this crime was in 1971 when the sentence was 18 months*. I wonder who talked. Incidentally the British Government plans to decriminalise the act of buggery between consenting adults as soon as they can find time to squeeze it in.***

The conscientious citizen then, inquiring as to what he or she may legally do with what and to whom may be assured that apart from buggery (sodomy in the US) with his or her spouse any kind of sexual experimentation is permitted. Providing that is that both partners agree, they don't invite the gay couple next door, close relatives, or the dog, to join them.

* T Honore, *Sex Law*, Duckworth, 1978

** B Sturgess, *No Offence*, Campaign for Homosexual Equality, 1975

*** Lord Justice Lawton, Criminal Law Revision Committee, 15th Report, *Sexual Offences*, London, HMSO, April 1984, Cmnd 9213.

CARRIE

Two nosey parkers put Carrie in a tight spot

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